

# Lafayette Advertiser

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LAFAYETTE, MARCH 3 1894.

## BLANCHE DURVART.

—NOUVELLE—  
PAR  
FELIX VOORHIES.  
(Suite.)

L'amour de Blanche pour Henri ne laissait pourtant pas que de l'inquiéter. Elle se disait bien, qu'en rompant avec lui son enfant éprouverait un choc terrible; mais elle ajoutait aussitôt pour se rassurer, que sa douleur ne serait que momentanée. Que Blanche aurait bientôt oublié Henri, dont le souvenir s'évanouirait au milieu des enivrements et des éblouissements de la fortune que lui offrait si généreusement Mr. Depréti. Du reste, son devoir était d'empêcher ce coup de tête de sa fille, et forte de cette pensée, elle résolut de mettre fin à ce qu'elle considérait comme une folie de jeunesse.

Elle fit donc venir Blanche dans sa chambre dont elle ferma soigneusement les portes pour que ses paroles ne puissent parvenir aux oreilles de ses domestiques; et, ces précautions prises, elle vint s'asseoir en face de sa fille qui n'avait pas vu ce manège sans inquiétude. Blanche chercha à lire dans les yeux de sa mère, ce qu'elle pouvait avoir de si important et de si mystérieux à lui dire, mais elle trébucha lorsque son regard rencontra celui de sa mère, et le rouge au front, elle pencha sa tête pour cacher son trouble et son agitation.

Blanche, lui dit sa mère, vous n'êtes plus une enfant, et ma responsabilité de mère me fait un devoir de vous en avertir. Une mère est la meilleure amie de son enfant, et l'enfant ne doit jamais hésiter de lui confier ses plus secrètes pensées. Est-ce ainsi que vous avez agi avec votre mère?

Blanche devint pâle comme la mort et ne répondit rien.

—L'enfant, continua Mme. Durvart, doit s'appuyer sur sa mère, car ses pas sont faibles et chancelants, et le cœur d'une mère est un appui plein d'amour, une égide qui le protège des déceptions. Vous n'avez pas compris cela, et vous vous êtes rendue coupable d'une grande faute.

A ces mots, Blanche releva la tête, et regardant sa mère avec une douloureuse surprise :

—Une faute, murmura-t-elle, je ne sais ce que vous voulez dire, ma mère. —Une faute grave, répondit Mme. Durvart; une faute que ne commet pas un enfant aimant et respectueux; la faute de vous choisir un époux sans vous confier à moi dans votre inexpérience, et de vous fiancer sans mon assentiment.

Blanche se mit à trembler comme une feuille, et n'eut que la force de protester par un mouvement de tête.

Sa mère qui prit ce mouvement pour une dénégation, reprit avec aigreur :

—Ne niez pas, Blanche, ce serait inutile, car j'ai là de quoi vous confondre. Et elle lui tendit la lettre de Henri qu'elle avait trouvée un instant auparavant dans la chambre de Blanche.

La jeune fille se redressa noble et digne.

—A Dieu ne plaise, dit-elle que je nie, ce qui est. Est-ce là la faute que vous me reprochez? Ma mère, je n'ai fui ni le regard de Dieu, ni la lumière du Soleil, ni votre présence quand je lui ai donné mon cœur, et je l'ai fait avec la conscience de ne braver, en aucune façon, votre autorité de mère, car vous paraissiez l'aimer, et vous le receviez toujours avec un sourire.

Cette réponse franche et fière irrita Mme Durvart qui fit un geste d'impatience.

—Ne vous fâchez pas ma mère continua Blanche. Mon Dieu! vous le receviez comme l'enfant de la maison; nous étions chaque jour ensemble; vous n'aviez que d'amicales paroles pour lui; pouvais-je croire que je commettais une faute en aimant celui que vous receviez ainsi? Et si je l'aime, et si mon bonheur dépend de cet amour, mérite-je vos reproches, quand nos paroles s'échangeaient, quand nos regards se croisaient, et que nos mains se pressaient en votre présence? Et

vaincue par son émotion, Blanche fondit en larmes.

Etourdie par ce flot de paroles, Mme Durvart ne sut d'abord que dire. La réponse si digne de son enfant la troubla et elle fut obligée de s'avouer que la plus coupable des deux dans cette circonstance n'était pas Blanche, mais bien elle-même qui ne s'était aperçue, que trop tard, du danger que courait son enfant, pour l'en préserver par ses conseils et sa surveillance. Elle eut un mouvement de sympathie pour son enfant, et elle se demanda s'il n'y avait pas de la cruauté à combattre cet amour qui avait jeté de si profondes racines dans son cœur, et s'il ne valait pas mieux renoncer à ce mariage projeté avec Depréti, mariage qui pourrait peut-être exercer de pernicieuses influences sur son avenir. Mais ce bon sentiment n'eut que la durée d'un éclair, et son égoïsme reprenant le dessus, elle se dit qu'elle s'exagérait le mal, et que cet amour n'était pas tellement enraciné après tout qu'on ne pût l'en guérir; et que plus tard son enfant la remercierait de l'avoir empêchée de commettre cette folie.

Elle pensa cependant qu'il valait mieux ne pas trop brusquer les choses, et arriver au but en biaisant quelque peu. Avec ce tact qui caractérise la femme, elle changea presque aussitôt de ton; son visage dard et sévère se transforma soudain et revêtit un air de bonté qui se traduisit par le meilleur des sourires.

Quel enfant tu fais, Blanche, dit-elle, et pourquoi te désoler ainsi. J'ai du bien mal m'expliquer, en vérité. J'ai eu tort, je l'avoue. Mon devoir était de te mettre en garde contre ce danger, si c'est un danger, car il ne faut pas, non plus, donner trop d'importance à une amourette. Quelle est la femme qui n'a eu, comme toi, son roman d'un jour, sa folie d'une heure, vaine fumée que le temps dissipe sans en laisser de traces. A ton âge on aime, sans se rendre compte du comment et du pourquoi du sentiment qui vous agite. On se persuade que l'amour est éternel; mais le temps passe, et ce sentiment qui vous grisait s'envole de votre cœur, sans que le souvenir même ne vous arrache un soupir. A ton âge, la vie est un sourire, un parfum léger. Le cœur est une harpe éolienne qui vibre au moindre souf. C'est le rayonnement de l'existence. On se sent un vague besoin d'aimer, et on se laisse éblouir par un mot d'amour, mot plus doux que le miel, plus capiteux que le vin, car il vous maîtrise et vous grise. Hélas! mon pauvre enfant, ce roman si captivant à la première page, devient bientôt triste et monotone. Le parfum s'en évapore, le rayon s'éteint, et la réalité apparaît avec ses déceptions et ses désempolements. Le héros de nos rêves se dépouille de son prestige, et malheur alors à celle qui s'est laissée captiver par ce roman, enivrer par son parfum, car il ne lui reste plus qu'à pleurer son imprudence et sa folie.

Mme. Durvart accentua cette longue tirade de façon à impressionner Blanche qui l'écoutait le front incliné, et qui ne répondit rien tant son émotion était grande.

—Où te menerait ton amour pour Henri, je te le demande? continua-t-elle. C'est un jeune homme de mérite, assurément, mais il est sans fortune, sans avenir, et il ne pourra te procurer aucunes des jouissances, aucunes des distinctions que ta position et ton éducation te donnent le droit d'exiger. Tandis qu'aujourd'hui une excellente occasion se présente; un jeune homme distingué, le plus riche parti de la Nouvelle-Orléans, te fait l'honneur de te demander ta main, Mr. Depréti...

Blanche émue et tremblante l'interrompit et lui répondant respectueusement, mais avec fermeté :

—Ma mère, je suis honorée de la recherche de Mr. Depréti que je considère être un galant homme, plein de mérite et de qualités, mais je ne l'aime pas, et je n'épouserai jamais un homme que je n'aime pas. J'ai réfléchi à toutes les conséquences de ce que vous nommez ma folie, mais j'aime Henri, et avec lui j'aurai la force et le courage de faire face à toutes les déceptions et à toutes les désillusions de la vie. Je sens que je ne pourrais arracher cet amour de mon cœur sans en mourir.

Mme. Durvart ne pût réprimer un mouvement de colère, et elle lui dit avec aigreur :

—Je suis trop bonne en vérité de discuter avec une folle. Blanche, dès aujourd'hui vous rompez avec cet Henri que je ferai chasser comme un

laquais, s'il osait revenir ici.

—Oh! ma mère, fit Blanche avec douleur.

—Dès aujourd'hui, continua Mme. Durvart, vous mettez fin à cette bégaiement, et vous vous préparez à recevoir Mr. Depréti, comme l'époux que je vous destine.

—Jamais ma mère, répondit Blanche, avec fermeté. Je ne reverrai plus Henri, puisque vous l'exigez; mais le trahir, en épousant un autre, jamais ma mère, jamais, plutôt la mort! Puis soudain fondant en larmes, elle se jeta dans les bras de sa mère, et la voix brisée par les sanglots: "Tu n'as donc pas pitié de moi, dit-elle, oh! mon Dieu! tu n'as donc pas pitié de moi."

Mme. Durvart la repoussa durement. Je ne saurais, dit-elle, sympathiser avec une évaporée qui me brave et me désespère, et elle sortit de l'appartement, laissant Blanche anéantie et brisée par la violence de cette scène.

La pauvre enfant se livra alors sans réserve à son désespoir, mais après que la violence de son désespoir se fut calmée elle tomba à genoux et dans sa désolation, courbant la tête sous le coup qui la frappait, elle fit à Dieu le sacrifice de ses joies, de son bonheur perdu à tout jamais, et lui promit d'obéir à sa mère quelque cruelle que fut son obéissance, et de rompre avec Henri, sans toutefois le trahir.

Quelques instants plus tard, ce fut comme un enfant timide et faible qu'elle écrivit la lettre suivante que lui dicta sa mère :

Henri,

—Ma loyauté me force à être franche avec toi. Je croyais t'aimer comme une fiancée doit aimer, je me trompais. Henri, j'aurai pour toi l'amitié d'une sœur aimante et dévouée, mais pas autre chose. Aime-moi aussi comme tu aimes ta sœur. Oublions un passé qui ne doit plus revivre pour nous et croit à l'estime de

BLANCHE—Adieu! Henri,

Pendant qu'elle écrivait, une grosse larme tomba sur le mot adieu, et l'effaça presque complètement.

Mme Durvart prit la lettre, mit elle-même l'adresse, et sans plus tarder, la fit porter chez Henri.

A continuer.

## LE MOIS DE MARS.

Selon les Bollandistes, Mars est le premier des mois, celui des commencements et celui des renouvellements. Peut-être est-ce pour cette raison qu'il a été appelé *Artion*, d'après le grec, c'est-à-dire le mois parfait.

Les Hébreux l'ont appelé *Nisan*, il était le premier de l'année sacrée chez ce peuple. Les latins ou Italiens l'ont nommé *Primus* ou premier dans l'origine de leur nation; il porta ce nom jusqu'à Romulus qui le changea en celui de *Martius* ou Mars pour rappeler la dédicace d'un temple qu'il avait élevé au dieu de la guerre. Selon quelques auteurs, il pourrait se faire aussi que ce mois ait été *Martius*, par altération d'*Artius* qui veut dire complet et parfait opposition avec le mois de février qui est écourté et tronqué.

Quoi qu'il en soit, sous Romulus l'année était divisée en dix mois, et mars occupait le premier rang; Numa Pompilius changea cet ordre de choses, il ajouta au calendrier les mois de janvier et février et fixa le commencement de l'année au 1er janvier.

Le mot "mars" est l'un de ceux qui comptent, dans la langue française, le plus d'acceptations et d'applications: Mars, dieu de la guerre; la planète Mars; les giboulées de mars; les bleds de mars; la bière de mars; métier de Mars (la guerre); enfants de Mars (guerriers); cour martiale; loi martiale, etc.

Delille, dans *l'homme des champs* dit de son pacifique héros :

"Pour lui, mars n'ouvre point sa glorieuse école; Il n'est point conquérant, mais il est agricole."

Enfin, si l'on parle d'une chose qui ne manque jamais d'arriver à une certaine époque, il y a un proverbe ainsi conçu : Cela vient comme mars en carême.

Le mois de mars est une saison à double face au point de vue des vents qu'il fait régner et des pluies qu'il nous apporte.

C'est dans ce mois, comme on le sait, que le soleil passe sous l'équateur et qu'il donne en conséquence l'éte aux régions équinoxiales du globe. Mais, d'un autre côté, le soleil arrivant de l'hémisphère méridional, n'a encore eu ni le temps ni la puissance de dissiper les frimas de l'hiver

accumulée dans la zone polaire septentrionale.

Or, la Louisiane, placée entre 29 et 33 degrés de latitude nord, se trouve à un tiers de la distance qu'il faut franchir pour aller de l'équateur au pôle, c'est-à-dire entre l'éte qui règne déjà au premier et l'hiver qui règne encore au second et, par suite, elle participe de l'un et de l'autre. Sa constitution météorologique est donc variable et dépend essentiellement de la direction du vent dominant qui lui apporte, s'il souffle du midi un avant-goût de l'éte, ou s'il souffle du nord un souvenir de l'hiver.

La première influence des vents froids est de faire baisser la température, puis de balayer sur le ciel les vapeurs tièdes et de les concentrer en gros nuages qui, de plus en plus condensés, prennent une teinte noirâtre qui est celle des nuages pluvieux.

Alors le ciel, nettoyé de tous les petits nuages qui le parsemaient, montre la plus parfaite pureté sur tous les points opposés au gros nuage noir, et le soleil vient ensuite souvent éclairer l'atmosphère devenue d'azur, mais ce n'est que pour un instant.

Le refroidissement subit de l'air déclenche le vent, le nuage s'avance et verse par torrents une grosse pluie à larges gouttes et froides comme de la fonte. Le nuage, toujours chassé, passe avec rapidité et va déverser plus loin le reste des vapeurs condensées en pluie qu'il renferme.

Aussitôt que le ciel redevient bleu, le soleil brille pendant tout le temps qu'un nouveau nuage noir ne vient pas verser un nouveau torrent de pluie.

Ce sont ces ondées, toujours interrompues, toujours alternant avec des rayons de soleil et continuant de revenir souvent plusieurs jours de suite, que l'on désigne sous le nom de giboulées.

Dans beaucoup de campagnes, leur apparition est regardée comme un excellent présage, car, suivant une expression, ce sont les restes de l'hiver qui s'en vont, les gelées blanches sont moins à redouter, et les espérances des récoltes un peu plus assurées.

## JURY DE POLICE.

Continuation de la 1re Page.  
Lafayette dans la cause intitulée : State ex rel W. B. Torian, Pré-sident et als. vs. Numa Schavot. En plus il est résolu que le Président soit autorisé de signer pour et au nom de cette paroisse le cautionnement de l'appel requis par la loi.

Le Trésorier soumet son rapport mensuel (nos lecteurs se rappor-tent à nos colonnes anglaises).

M. Hébert est autorisé d'acheter une douzaine de pelles et M. Durke, deux rateaux et deux crochets.

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## TWO CROPS A DAY GROW ON MOON

Markings Caused by Vegetation  
in Craters, Says Astronomer.

### FIELD PATTERNS ARE TRACED

Professor Pickering of Harvard Criticizes Astronomers for Assuming Life There Is Impossible—Existence of Life More Easily Traceable on Moon Than on Mars, He Declares—Day on Moon Equal to About Two Weeks of Our Time.

The unwarranted assumption that the moon is dead and that nothing can live on its surface has caused astronomers to fail to study it, according to Prof. William H. Pickering of Harvard, one of the greatest living astronomers, who in a report on two years' observation of the moon asserts that the existence of life is more easily traceable on the moon than on Mars.

Crops grow on some parts of the moon at the rate of two a day, the day on the moon being as long as two of our weeks. They are believed to grow only in the craters, with which the face of the moon is extensively pitted and which are believed to contain water and possibly a supply of heat. Professor Pickering has discovered steam issuing from some of the supposedly dead craters. The assumption has been that, because the moon had no atmosphere and because its temperature was presumably hundreds of degrees below zero, no life could exist there.

Doctor Pickering is now in Europe. His colleague, Prof. S. I. Bailey of Harvard, said:

"Professor Pickering has not as yet been able to convince many astronomers that he is right in his discovery of life on the moon. He has made a prolonged study of the subject with a telescope at Jamaica and is convinced that the markings which he finds on the moon are caused by vegetation, but some others think the markings are shadows. My own attitude is one of doubt.

#### May Be Life in Low Form.

"No scientific man has advanced the theory that there is intelligent life on the moon. If there is life, it is believed to be a low form. Of course, no one can say positively that intelligent life does not exist there."

In his report on this phase of his study of the moon, which has just been published in *Popular Astronomy*, a scientific publication issued at Northfield, Minn., Professor Pickering criticizes astronomers in severe terms for neglecting the study of the moon, because of an unproved hypothesis that it was lifeless. He emphasized the fact that Mars is 200 times further away from the earth than the moon is, so that, other things being equal, 200 times as much detail can be seen on the moon as on Mars. Professor Pickering is one of the chief living authorities on Mars, where he also believes that life exists.

When the moon emerges from its two weeks of darkness and a degree of cold probably unknown on earth, the sun's light quickly warms up the fields in the great moon craters, some of which are many miles across, and starts a mushroom-like growth of life there, according to the Pickering theory. This flourishes during the long moon day. None of it lasts overnight—that is, over the moon night of two weeks.

Professor Pickering found "canals" or "runs" of vegetation on the moon, as on Mars, and was able, because of the nearness of the moon, to trace the intricate patterns of growing fields, as he regarded them.

He did this with an inferior telescope at the Harvard observatory at Mandeville, Jamaica, which location is of special advantage in examining the moon. His instrument, a small one, is more than fifty years old. His researches are expected to result in bringing powerful telescopes to bear on the moon for the special study of living things alleged to be found in the craters.

"Of the nearly 1,000 known bodies, not counting comets and meteor swarms, comprising our solar system," Professor Pickering said in his report, "there are only three with whose solid surfaces we are at all familiar. There are, of course, the earth, our twin the moon and the planet Mars.

"On each of these three vegetable life exists, but strangely enough while its existence is now probably generally conceded on Mars, it is quite safe to say that the vast majority of astronomers would definitely deny it in the case of the moon. This at first seems odd, because the surface changes, by which it can only be recognized, are much more readily seen on the moon than they are on Mars.

"The explanation is probably twofold. As far as our terrestrial experience goes, vegetation requires several days to develop, after the seed is sown, or the ground is first warmed by the spring sun."

"This occurs on the moon, according to Doctor Pickering, but has been overlooked, because it takes place at a considerable distance from the 'terminator,' or the boundary line between light and darkness on the moon.

"Nobody examines the moon, excepting on the terminator itself. This is because the terminator is so much more beautiful than the other regions that they are for this reason neglected.

In spite of their interest. The other reason is less creditable to our intelligence and to our application of the facts of history.

#### Same Old Argument.

"It is the same old argument employed by the ancients from the days of Aristotle to those of Galileo, and for which some persons have gone so far as to ridicule them. Apply it to the present case, it may be expressed briefly as . . . because owing to a plausible and generally accepted theory, life is believed to be impossible on the moon, therefore it is unnecessary to consider the facts which may be safely ignored. Life is therefore said not to exist on the moon. It would appear that human nature has not changed very much in 2,000 years."

The "terminator," or boundary line between light and darkness, which would correspond with that part of the earth where the day was breaking, is the more interesting because the light and shadow effect shows the moon's features in relief, enabling the astronomer to make out clearly its extremely rugged and mountainous surface.

Fifty-six hours of sunlight in the crater of Erastosthenes II, which Doctor Pickering made a particular object of study, evoked plant life. Nothing in Doctor Pickering's report indicated that these were cultivated crops. After describing the appearance of dark patches, which sprung into existence and then faded out, he continued:

"Expressing the matter otherwise, we may say that the vegetation requires two and a half days to appear, it lasts for only two days, and then rests for three days, and then produces the second crop, lasting for four days more, which then gradually disappears in the evening shades. We thus have evidence of a variety of lunar vegetation. The wings of the northern spot begin to develop as soon as the sunlight strikes them."

These periods vary, however, in different areas of vegetation observed. Crops with different exposures vary in duration from two to eleven days, and the average is about a week.

"In quickness of development," says Professor Pickering, "some of it even vies with our mushrooms and toadstools. The crop has to be brief in order to ripen at all, and it is doubtful if any of it in the region we have described lasts through the lunar night."

Telling how dark patches and lines varied in their positions he continued:

"It thus appears that the runs on the moon, like the canals on Mars, shift their positions over the surface. In both cases the surface discoloration has changed its place. This cannot be due to mineral or inorganic forces. Life, therefore, exists on both these planets.

"Indeed," he continued later, "instead of finding the moon a dead, unchangeable body, as it is usually regarded, we find that the shifts and changes taking place in certain of the lunar detail, after all the shadows have disappeared, present the chief difficulty to the selenographer (geographer of the moon), who endeavors to sketch these features with accuracy."

After describing how fields of vegetation darken, spread, grow pale and shrink, Doctor Pickering continued:

"This description typifies the changes constantly occurring in many well-defined lunar fields in the course of their development, changes much more marked than any occurring on Mars."

#### The Southern Field.

Discussing one area of apparent vegetation, which he calls the Southeastern field, Professor Pickering continues:

"We now come to one of the most interesting of all the fields of this crater, because its changes are not only very marked, but also because they occur chiefly near the time of the full moon, so that they can be studied for several hours continuously."

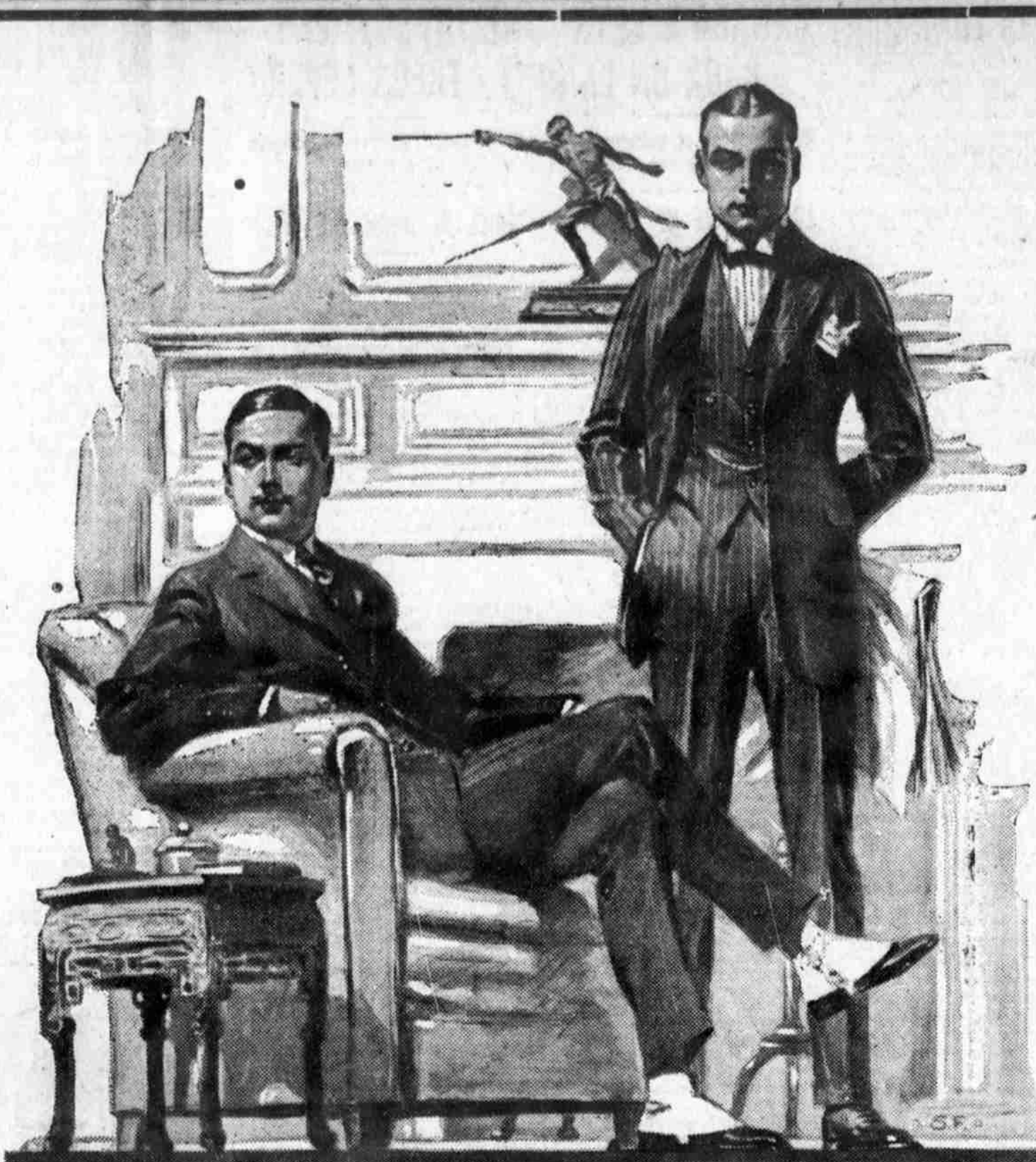
After describing how the vegetation varies with different amounts of sunlight, the astronomer says that the field finally acquires the pattern of a "lobster or a crab, with sharply-curved claws."

"Another curved canal," he continues, "is now formed on the northern side behind the front one, owing to the interior fading of the field. The advance of the dark head of the man now progresses slowly down the crater's inner wall or floor."

Doctor Pickering told of snowstorms or snow "eruptions" on the moon and of discovering clouds within large craters, whose circular movements puzzled him. Professor Pickering, in his studies on Mars, did not uphold the theory that intelligent beings necessarily existed there or that the canals were artificial. He sought to prove that winds attaining a velocity of 220 miles an hour at times swept the planet, carrying moisture in spring from the polar ice cap to the lower latitudes of Mars and depositing it there. In his opinion, the apparent regularity of the canals was a natural feature of the planet, resulting from its contraction from its once molten state.

He also insisted that the Martian canals shifted their positions. The alleged fixity and regular pattern of the canals were the chief arguments of Percival Lowell in support of the theory that intelligent beings existed there, who built the canals because of the necessity of husbanding their scanty water supply.

Rabbit Led Hunter to Jug of Brandy. When John B. Mullins, of Pikeville, Ky., chased a rabbit into a rock pile he found a stone jug containing five gallons of peach brandy. It was learned that the brandy had been hidden 41 years ago by a man who wished to dodge paying the revenue tax on it.



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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osborn,  
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.  
U. J. WARREN, Manager.

### ORDER OF HEARING ON PROBATE OF FOREIGN WILL.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss: On this 24th day of May, 1895, by his attorney, J. A. Cordeal, came Michael Cleary, the executor of the last will and testament of James Halpin, deceased, and filed a petition, with a copy of the said last will and testament and certificate of probate attached, praying that the said last will and testament be admitted to probate in Red Willow county, Nebraska, there being property of said deceased in this county. And it appearing to the court, by the duly verified instruments filed in this case, that James Halpin, the testator, died in Livingston county, Illinois, on or about March 30, 1893, that the said last will and testament was probated and allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent, in Livingston county, Illinois, on the 27th day of October, 1893, and the said Michael Cleary was appointed administrator, with will annexed, of said estate of James Halpin, deceased. It is therefore ordered, that May 27th, 1895, at one o'clock, p. m., be assigned for a hearing on said petition, when all persons interested may appear and show cause (if such exist) why the said instrument be not probated and recorded as the last will and testament of James Halpin, deceased. And that a copy of this order be published in THE TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published in said county, for three weeks prior to said day of hearing. Witness my hand this 24th day of May, 1895.

CHARLES W. BECK,  
County Judge.

### ORDER OF HEARING ON PROBATE OF FOREIGN WILL.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss: On this 24th day of May, 1895, by her attorney, J. A. Cordeal, came Mary A. Loneragan, the executrix of the last will and testament of Thomas Loneragan, deceased, and filed a petition, with a copy of said last will and testament and certificate of probate attached, praying that the said last will and testament be admitted to probate in Red Willow county, Nebraska, there being property of said deceased in this county. And it appearing to the court, by the duly verified instruments filed in this case, that Thomas Loneragan, the testator, died in Chicago, Illinois, on or about March 23d, 1894, that said last will and testament was probated and allowed as the last will and testament of said decedent, in Cook county, Illinois, on the 24th day of April, 1894, and the said Mary A. Loneragan was duly appointed executrix of the same. It is ordered, that May 27th, 1895, at one o'clock, p. m., be assigned for a hearing on said petition, when all persons interested may appear and show cause (if such exist) why the said instrument be not probated and recorded in Red Willow county, Nebraska, as the last will and testament of Thomas Loneragan, deceased. And that a copy of this order be published in THE TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published in this county, for three weeks prior to said day of hearing. Witness my hand this 24th day of May, 1895.

CHARLES W. BECK,  
County Judge.

### BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetts, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by McMillen.

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FIRST DOOR NORTH OF  
THE POSTOFFICE.

MCCOOK, - NEBRASKA.

## MARS RINGING US UP.

### SCIENTISTS THINK COMMUNICATION MAY BE ESTABLISHED.

Strange Noises Which Have Aroused Mr. Preece of England and Our Own Edison. Wonderful Developments Are Expected Within the Next Few Years.

Can we open up electric communication with the inhabitants of Mars? That is a question recently considered at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, where Mr. W. H. Preece, engineer to the telegraph department of the British postoffice, read a paper on "Electric Signaling Without Wires." Mr. Preece explained how he had recently demonstrated that wires were not at all necessary to establish telephonic communication.

Under the supervision of a royal commission appointed to inquire into electric communication between the shores and lighthouses, he had conducted a series of experiments which amply demonstrated this fact. There was no difficulty in speaking between the shore and Flat Holm, three miles distance from the place of experiment. Mr. Preece then went on to say that "strange, mysterious sounds" were heard on all long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. "Earth currents," said he, "are found in telegraph circuits, and the aurora borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunderstorm in the sun."

After further describing the mysterious sounds which had attracted his attention in the still watches of the night Mr. Preece said: "If any of these planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order, it would be possible for us to hold converse by telephone with the people of Mars."

These mysterious sounds which so puzzle Mr. Preece seem to correspond with those noticed by Thomas A. Edison, who has turned Ogden mountain in New Jersey into a great magnet and coiled miles of wire about it. At the time of the last opposition of Mars he noticed an increase of the seismic mutterings, which have recently been so violent. Mr. Edison and Mr. Preece are only two of the scientists who are now experimenting along these lines, and the whole scientific world is watching the progress being made. Neither Mr. Edison nor Mr. Preece has been so bold as to say that the strange sounds referred to are messages sent by the inhabitants of Mars to those of earth, but they have not otherwise explained them.

On the other hand, there are many scientists firm in the belief that the next few years will witness the opening up of communication between the people of the two planets. This conviction has been enormously strengthened by the strange lights seen at the Lick observatory when Mars was under observation during its opposition over a year ago. The three lights were arranged in a triangle. Nightly as the great red orb rose from her ocean bed to the vault of heaven the lights flashed out as soon as darkness had set in, and in the immense lens of the Lick telescope they glowed with steady and continued effulgence. Was this an effort of the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of those on earth?

Such had been the opinion of Flammarion, who had argued in favor of earth signaling back with a triangle of lights 30 miles across. It was shown that the conditions of Mars were more nearly those of earth than of any other planet. Both of the snow caps could be plainly seen and may be seen now in any first class telescope, for Mars is now to be observed in the morning about 30 degrees west and 14 degrees south from Venus in the constellation Capricorn. The well defined atmosphere of Mars is also plainly visible, and astronomers can tell by the increase or decrease of its snow caps and its position in regard to the sun the progress of its seasons and whether or not the Marsians are having a cold winter. The canal theory of Schiaparelli has likewise many believers, who assert that the strange straight lines on Mars are canals built by its highly civilized inhabitants.

Mr. Preece says he has kept a record of the strange, mysterious sounds which have attracted his attention while Edison has done likewise. These will require much study to decipher if they are messages from Mars. The Preece discovery, on the other hand, puts it in the power of the people of earth to send direct electrical currents to Mars, whose inhabitants are so much in advance of ourselves that they may be able to help us out in the work of opening up converse. A pantomimic electrical interchange will be necessary for some time, but what will be the emotions of the scientific world when the message is sent out that communication has been established?

There are those who firmly assert that this is an experience of the immediate future, that electricity is the universal force and the one whereby the planets will come into communication with each other, if they ever do. The mystery of electricity is the strange fluctuations in under-goes. If it were an earth property solely, it would be steady, as it would be were it common to all the universe and not interfered with. But its strange goings and comings, its apparent relations to the sun, and yet its known sympathy with other heavenly bodies, seem to show that somebody somewhere is fooling with the dynamo and cutting off and turning on the current.—New York World.

### SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR FOR 15 CENTS.

Upon receipt of your address and 15 cents in postage stamps, we will mail you our new and complete Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price of which is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings with descriptions of same, and is executed in the highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

### DON'T TOBACCO SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY

Is the truthful and startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up the nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poison, makes weak men regain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago. 4-19-95-1yr.

### ALL FREE.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and costs you nothing. At McMillen's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Proprietors  
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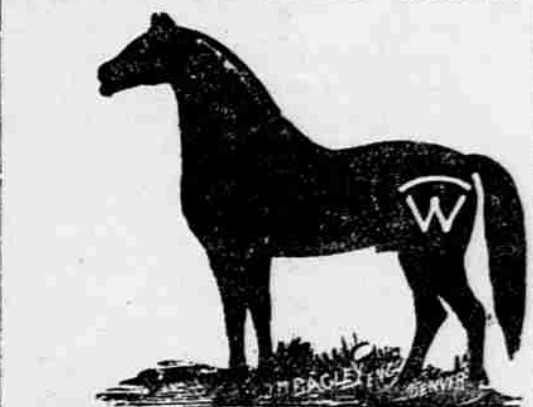
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Only furniture van in the city. Also have a first class house moving outfit. Leave orders for bus calls at Commercial hotel or at office opposite the depot.

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Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address in Imperial, Chase county, and Beatrice, Nebraska. Range, Striking Water and the Frenchman creeks, in Chase county, Nebraska. Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or anywhere on the animal.

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PAPER TAGS TAKEN FROM

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CHAMPAGNE FLAVOR  
The American Tobacco Co.  
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## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST.  
FIT FOR A KING.  
\$3. CORDOVAN,  
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\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.  
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-EXTRA FINE-  
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE  
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Over One Million People wear the  
W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes  
All our shoes are equally satisfactory  
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From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes.  
If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by  
DEALER whose name will shortly appear here. Agents wanted.  
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## MERCHANT TAILOR OF MCCOOK,

Has just received a new stock of CLOTHES and TRIMMINGS. If you want a good fitting suit made at the very lowest prices for good work, call on him. Shop first door west of Barnett's Lumber Office, on Dennison street.

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Repairing Promptly  
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## JULIUS KUNERT,

Carpet Laying,  
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"I am still doing carpet laying, carpet cleaning, lawn cutting and similar work. See or write me before giving such work. My charges are very reasonable. Leave orders at TRIBUNE office." JULIUS KUNERT.

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All dental work done at our office is guaranteed to be first-class. We do all kinds of Crown, Bridge and Plate Work. Drs. Smith & Bellamy, assistants.

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## Special Prices!

With one pound of our 25c or 30c Coffee or with 2 packages of our XXXX at 15c per lb.

To show the Trust our Coffees can not be kept from the people WE SELL GROCERIES AT THESE PRICES:

20 lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1.00

38 lbs. Quality Flour, \$1.90

Our First Quality Flour, \$1.90

98 lbs. Flour, \$1.88

Starch Best Gloss, large lump, 3 pounds for 10c

Prunes New California, per pound, 3c

Matches Best Parlor, 12 boxes for 8c

Rice Worth 6c, our price, per lb., 3c

Peas 2-lb. cans, per can, 5c

Lima Beans 2-lb. cans, per can, 8c

Corn 2-lb. cans, per can, 6c

Tomatoes Standard, 3-lb. cans, per can, 7c

Raspberries Preserved in heavy syrup, 10c

Strawberries Preserved in heavy syrup, 10c

Pineapple Preserved in heavy syrup, 10c

W. F. McLaughlin & Co.

No. 9 South 5th St.

THE CARE OF THE HAIR

The Imperial Hair Regenerator

FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER

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CURES CATARRH OF STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND FEMALE ORGANS.

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CHANCE FOR AMERICANS

North Star Dye Works

STORAGE

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POPULAR TOURS

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Granulated Sugar

Quality Flour

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98 lbs. Flour

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Matches

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Lima Beans

Corn

Tomatoes

Raspberries

Strawberries

Pineapple

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The Imperial Hair Regenerator

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# NO FAITH IN TESLA

Sir Norman Lockyer Doubts the Signals From Mars.

HOW DOES TESLA KNOW, HE ASKS

Why Does He Assume That Mars Is Signaling and Not Some Other Planet.

New York Sun Special Service

London, Jan. 8.—Sir Norman Lockyer, director of the Solar physics observatory at South Kensington, and professor of astronomical physics at the Royal college of science, was interviewed to-day on the theories advanced by Nikola Tesla regarding the possibility of electrically communicating with the inhabitants of Mars.

Sir Norman was frankly incredulous. He said:

"Communication with Mars is absolutely outside the realm of practical science. When Tesla convinces the scientific world that he has succeeded, I will believe."

Nevertheless, he said, it must not be forgotten that many valuable discoveries, when first announced, were received with incredulity, notably the x-ray and wireless telegraphy. He added:

"I would like to ask Tesla what grounds he has for presuming that Mars is inhabited, and granting that he received messages from outside the earth, why is he so certain that they came from Mars, more than from Venus or the other planets?"

When questioned regarding the disturbances recorded by Mr. Tesla's instruments, Sir Norman said:

"I attach no importance whatever to them. The earth is always in a state of vibration. When there are on a large scale they are called earthquakes. When they are infinitesimal they are not noticed except by the most delicate magnetic instruments. If Mr. Tesla received a message from Mars, the electric transmitter influence must have been general, not local. Why should electric energy transmitted from Mars have made its presence manifest solely in Colorado. All the magnetic observations in the whole earth, and the same law governs planetary disturbances. Thus the whole of our planet would be conscious of a message from Mars at the same moment."

Regarding the immense accumulation of electrical energy which Mr. Tesla says is necessary for the delivery of his interplanetary signals, it is quite possible for him to concentrate the enormous electrical power he speaks of. He can also launch it into space, but whether it would reach Mars is more than I should like to assert.

WEDDING NOT PUT OFF

QUEEN WILL BE MARRIED FEB. 7

Arrangements for the Ceremonies at Amsterdam and the Hague.

The Hague, Jan. 8.—It learned from a trustworthy though unofficial source that there will be no postponement of the royal marriages, the amount of the death of Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. It was decided that the queen shall wear full mourning three weeks only, and the queen dowager for six weeks, instead of six, so that the period of mourning will be over before the date named for the wedding, which will take place on Feb. 7, as will also the festivities.

Wedding of Queen Wilhelmina.

The young woman who, as queen of the 55,000,000 people who owe allegiance to the throne of the Netherlands, is in a sense, the central figure of the Dutch race now so prominently before the public mind through the South African war, was born in the old palace at The Hague, Aug. 31, 1880. Joyfully the loyal population of Holland greeted the arrival of the princess, though her and there a subdued excitement, that she will retire from the birth of the anxiously expected boy. For little Wilhelmina Paulina Helena Maria—these were the names she received in baptism—was the last branch of the great house of Orange, bound by stronger ties to the people than any other reigning house in Europe.

The constitution of the Netherlands forbids a woman to occupy the throne. So it was likely that the Dutch people who, since the time of William the Silent, had seen an Orange descendant at the head of the state either as stadholder of the republic or as king, would have to accept some distant relative ruler—not a full-blooded Orange—as their ruler. Great, therefore, was the joy throughout the land when, shortly afterwards, the congress of the Netherlands—the "staten general"—amended the constitution and made the young princess heir to the throne.

The Amsterdam Handelsblad says that the wedding of the young queen will take place at Amsterdam, and not at The Hague, as some papers have been at the Hague, the new kerk (new church) built in 1647 The Hofkerk (court minister), Rev. J. W. van Schiedam, will officiate.

The wedding could not take place at The Hague, the queen's residence, because the great Prince of Orange, William the Silent, her illustrious forefather made these arrangements, and the wedding of kings, queens, princes or princesses, in fact all those of royal blood should marry at the capital (Amsterdam) first in the old kerk (old church) and later at the new kerk (new church) and always on a Thursday. The festivities will last four days. Two in Amsterdam first and the last two at The Hague. It is expected that Prince Heinrich of Russia, the emperor's brother, will attend the wedding.

The following is one of the stanzas of the national anthem, which will be sung at the wedding and by the children in the schools throughout the country:

Protect her, Lord, preserve her throne,  
Built on eternal right,  
And may her crown by worth alone  
More than with gold be bright.  
Keep thou the scepter which she bears,  
Direct it in her hand,  
Protect, O God, that in thy care  
Our queen and native land.

CHANCE FOR AMERICANS

Their London Underground Bids Will Be Considered.

New York Sun Special Service

London, Jan. 8.—At a meeting of the London Underground Railway company it was voted to issue bonds for £266,000 to change the motive power from steam to electricity.

A shareholder asked if an American syndicate was to do the work. The chairman replied:

"Some Americans are putting in bids. We will select the best firms available."

GOLD FOR HIS MEN

John D. Rockefeller Makes His Annual Distribution.

New York Sun Special Service

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 8.—Following his annual custom, John D. Rockefeller distributed gold pieces to the men employed at the railroad station, the telegraph boys, expressmen and others that work for him throughout the year. Mr. Rockefeller also remembered the men on his place, and the minister and the sexton of the Baptist church.

The Quickest Route and Best Service to Florida.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad has made arrangements to connect in St. Louis union depot with the elegant new Florida special, which will leave St. Louis for the quickest trip to the south in all Florida points. Only one change of cars from Minneapolis.

# Olson's Big Store and Arcade

## STORE NEWS FOR WEDNESDAY

### New Stylish Seasonable Silks

At Half and Less Than Half Actual Worth.

The Silks come from Jas. McCreary & Co., New York; and embrace every late weave and novelty. Such opportunities do not occur often; it will pay you well to supply your immediate and future wants at this sale. The silks are shown for the first time in Minneapolis. The Olson Merchandising Methods make it possible to offer these

SENSATIONAL SILK BARGAINS.

\$1 Silks at 49c per yard

\$1.00 Fancy Stripe Hemstitch Taffetas.....

\$1.00 Plaid Chameleon Silk Novelties.....

\$1.00 Satin Brocade in light and dark effects.....

\$1.00 Embroidered French Novelties.....

\$1.00 Taffeta Plaids and Ombre Plaids.....

\$1.00 High Grade Heavy Satin Brocade.....

\$1.00 Swivel Silk Novelties.....

\$1.25 Silks at 59c per yard

\$1.25 Chameleon Silk Rays.....

\$1.25 Elegant Satin Novelties.....

\$1.25 Heavy Corded Taffetas.....

\$1.25 Beautiful Evening Silks.....

\$1.25 Pompadour Taffeta Stripes.....

\$1.25 Gros DeLondre Brocades.....

\$1.25 White Corded Taffetas.....

\$1.50 Silks at 75c a yard

\$1.50 Elegant White Taffeta Fancies.....

\$1.50 Elegant Evening Silks in Taffetas.....

\$1.50 Embroidered Taffetas on white grounds.....

\$1.50 Brocade Satins, exquisite colorings.....

\$1.50 Satin Stripe Warp Taffetas.....

\$1.50 Satin Plaid Taffetas.....

\$1.50 High Grade Paris Novelties.....

\$2 and \$2.50 Silks at 98c yd

\$2.50 White and Cream Silk Novettes.....

\$2.50 Imported French Novette in Taffeta.....

\$2.50 Gorgeous Satin Brocades.....

\$2.50 Crystal Bengaline in choice colorings.....

\$2.00 Ras de Comtesse.....

\$2.00 Evening Silks, and Taffetas.....

Sensational Price-Making on all Winter Merchandise.

Women's Cloaks and Jackets, All Fur Garments, Men's and Boys'

Clothing, Underwear and Hosiery for Men, Women and Children,

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES

FROST FOR BRYAN

Jackson Club Banquet at Omaha Is a Distinct Failure.

THE BIG GUNS DO NOT APPEAR

It Was Expected to Be a Democratic Love Feast All for Mr. Bryan.

New York Sun Special Service

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 8.—About the chilliest affair that has been chronicled in Omaha for many years took place last evening in the form of the tenth annual banquet of the Jackson club. It had been widely advertised as a 500-place affair and many men famous in the councils of the party in every state were billed to be present. Bryan was to make the speech of his life. It was to be a love feast in which all shining lights of the party were to participate and Colonel W. J. Bryan was to be lauded as the champion of the democratic party and future leader, in spite of his defeat in November. All these features were utterly ignored, or partially discarded.

In the first place the local democrats quarreled among themselves. This was the beginning of the water bath for the function. Then Governor Beckham of Kentucky, who had been advertised as the spirit of Goebel and billed for a speech in which he was to pledge the southern democrats for Bryan for another go at the presidency, wired that he was sick and could not be present; ex-Governor Stone, who had been advertised as a drawing card for Bryan for another go at the presidency, wired that he was sick and could not be present; Congressman Shuler of New York, who had been widely advertised in conjunction with David B. Hill, failed to get in, so did Mr. Hill. Carter Harrison, who had been advertised as a drawing card for Bryan for another go at the presidency, wired that he was sick and could not be present. The result was a scattered gathering of about 100 persons.

When Toastmaster Gilbert walked into the banquet hall, accompanied by Mr. Bryan, about the only outside spirit of prominence in the party, who had come from a distance to testify to the feeling of the nation for Mr. Bryan, was Senator Tillman. All the others were from Nebraska with a scattering from Iowa.

MONEY GETS YELLOW FEVER

Test at Marianno of the Mosquito Infection Theory.

New York Sun Special Service

Havana, Jan. 8.—The yellow fever commission working at Marianno tried an experiment on a monkey to ascertain the truth of the theory that the disease is spread by mosquitoes. The monkey was inoculated by being bitten by an infected mosquito and on the fourth day the animal developed well-marked symptoms of the disease.

MCKINLEY'S COLD LINGERS

Invitations for the Diplomatic Reception Are Recalled.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The president is suffering still from his cold and on the advice of Dr. Rixey he has decided to stay in his room for three or four days. The invitations for the diplomatic reception to-morrow night have been recalled. It is stated at the White House that the president is not seriously ill.

# The Won-derful... WHITE SALE is in Full Swing...

A Few Suggestions from All Around the Store.

IN THE UNDERMUSLIN DEPT.

Drawers.—Neatly made of fine muslin, band with tape; price..... 15c

Aprons.—Extra large, deep hem, some trimmed; neatly made,..... 16c

Corset Covers.—Neatly trimmed with high and low neck; each..... 17c

Chemise.—Fine cambric, round and square yoke;..... 21c

Gowns.—Fine muslin and cambric gowns, yoke trimmed with insertion and lace; others embroidery trimmed, in high neck or Gretchen style; full length and width. Special..... 46c

Skirts.—Long muslin skirts, good quality muslin, neatly made,..... 69c

And dozens of other bargains at the same low scale of prices. Every garment fresh and clean; made in the best manner by skilled operatives.

IN THE LINEN SECTION

Table Damasks..... 69c

70-inch wide all linen bleached Damask; regular 75c value,..... 49c

64-in. and 72-in. all linen bleached Damask; heavy 81.00 quality; sale price, yard..... 63c

Lot 1—White and colored Cambric Edgings and Insertions, worth 10c to 25c a yard, for yard..... 2c

Lot 2—Cambric Nainsook and Swiss Edgings and Insertions, worth 10c to 12c a yard, for yard..... 3c

NEW EMBROIDERIES

Lot 3—Cambric Nainsook and Swiss Edgings and Insertions, worth 10c to 12c a yard, for yard..... 5c

MUSLINS AND SHEETINGS.

25 bales of standard Unbleached fine and heavy Cottons. Your choice, yard..... 5c

Unbleached Pillow Cases, 42 inches wide, 9c; 45 inches wide, 10c; Bleached 1 1/2 yard more..... 10c

Unbleached Sheetings, 2 1/2 yards wide, 18c; 2 1/2 yards wide, Bleached 1 1/2 yard more..... 20c

MILL REMNANTS OF FINE POPULAR GOODS IN DESIRABLE LENGTHS.

Remnants of Lawns and India Linens—value 15c—Sale price, yard..... 5c

Remnants of Checked Nainsooks, Satin Striped Lawns and Dimities, values 10c to 15c—Sale price, yard..... 7c

LACE CURTAINS.

White Lace Curtains, one pair lots, slightly imperfect—per pair..... 49c

White Lace Curtains, one and two pair lots, slightly imperfect, per pair..... 69c

White Irish Point and Brussels effect Laces \$5.50 \$4.00 values—per pair..... 5.50

Remnants 40-inch India Linens—value 12 1/2c—Sale price, yard..... 6c

Remnants of Checked Nainsooks, Satin Striped Lawns and Dimities, values 10c to 15c—Sale price, yard..... 7c

White Brussels and Brussels effect Laces, \$3.98 \$2.75 values—per pair..... 3.98

White Laces, French and Brussels, lace effects, \$4.50 values—per pair..... 4.50

White Muslin, 40 inches wide, 180 values—per 9c

AT THE BIG STORE

These Special Offerings are for One Day Only.

Wednesday Shoe Day

Final Closing of Broken Lots of Shoes and Slippers.

Women's welts and turned Vici Kid Shoes, nearly every width and size; not an old shoe in the lot; worth \$1.75, Wednesday at..... \$1.98

Women's Surpass Kid Shoes, made up of stylish and good, widths D, E, and EE, worth \$2.50, for Wednesday at..... \$1.69

Women's first quality Storm Alaskas, sizes 2 1/2 to 4 1/2, regular price \$1. Wednesday at..... 39c

Women's first quality 3-buckle Arctics; worth \$1.75, all sizes, Wednesday at..... 98c

Misses' Kid School or Dress Shoes; sizes slightly broken; worth \$1.75, Wednesday at..... 98c

Child's solid serviceable Kid Shoes; worth \$1.00 at..... 69c

Men's Satin Calf Lace and Congress Shoes; have been on our shelves; cut to..... \$1.25

Boys' all leather custom made Shoes; worth \$1.50, at..... 98c

Boys' Moose Hide Moccasins at..... 69c

THE BERLIN-STETTIN WATERWAY

Plan is Outlined in the Speech From the Throne—Diet Is Opened.

Berlin, Jan. 8.—The diet was opened to-day by Count von Buelow in the name of Emperor William who is suffering from a slight cold. The speech from the throne presented an extended canal bill, comprising not only the Rhine and Elbe scheme, but also the construction of a waterway for large ships between Berlin and Stettin, a more practicable waterway between the Oder and the Vistula and improvements in the Wartha, Lower Oder, Lower Havel and Spree.

The speech referred to the continued satisfactory financial situation; a considerable surplus had been obtained in 1899 and equally favorable results were expected for 1900, while the budget for 1901 showed a marked increase in revenue, and the profits from the state railroads were satisfactory.

It was proposed to introduce bills dealing with the reform of the local government of Berlin, the relief of provincial finances, the housing problem, etc.

California via the "Sun Shine Route", (C. M. & St. P. Ry.)

Every Wednesday a fine Pullman tourist sleeper leaves Twin Cities (St. Paul, 6:15 a. m.; Minneapolis, 8:05 a. m.) via C. M. & St. P. railway, and runs through to Los Angeles, arriving there every Sunday morning.

Price of double berth in this car, \$6. Before making your arrangements for California get particulars as to "Sun Shine Route."

Hundreds of northwestern people patronize this popular service every season—it traverses one of the most interesting portions of America.

For comfort and ease it is not surpassed. Cheapest rates are obtainable via this route.

Inquire of ticket agents or write J. T. Conley, assistant general passenger agent.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

We suggest that One Minute Cough Cure be taken when there are indications of having taken cold. It cures quickly.

Genuine Goods And counterfeit prices at Tooz's.

THE KOFFSTOPPER

Vapor







## PAIR OF EYEGLASSES WORTH SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

So Strong That the Eye Looking Through Them Would Be  
Scorched in Its Socket.

TAKES THREE YEARS TO MAKE THE GREAT TELESCOPE

Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity and Harvard Professors Go to  
Mexico to Look through Harvard's Lens.

NEARER JUNE 12 THAN IT WILL BE AGAIN IN 79 YEARS

Most Expensive Curiosity Ever Indulged, for It Costs Half a Million to  
Ask Mars a Few Plain Questions.

**T**O spend a fortune for the purpose of looking at a star seems anything but a scientific proceeding, yet for months past the world's scientists have been making the costliest preparations for that very thing and will begin the work in June.

On the 12th of next month the planet Mars is in perihelion, as the astronomers say, which means that it will be the nearest to the earth. An expedition, comprising members of the faculty of all leading universities in the country, also of Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity and Harvard, will on that day inaugurate in Mexico observations of Mars. The character is such that the greatest results are expected. The work will be under the special supervision of the Harvard Observatory staff.

The astronomical back-slash problems regarding Mars are not to form the chief subject of investigation. Far from it. The canals of the planet really belong to ancient history now. The question of the population of Mars will be approached from another standpoint altogether.

TO GRATIFY CURIOSITY.

Canale Flammarion, the famous French star gazer, who has taken the greatest interest in the coming expedition, gives it as his opinion that the canals are no longer a figure in astronomy as the main element of importance in the fiery planet. In this Flammarion, the no less eminent Italian astronomical expert, coincides. The Harvard authorities, hearing these views, have had their new \$25,000 lens, constructed solely for the purpose of the expedition, retracted for general examination of everything connected with Mars. Not a scientific evidence bearing upon the existence of dwellers on the surface of the planet will escape the scrutiny of the watchers.

The region of Chacabua, in Mexico, and the neighborhood of the capital city itself were selected as the site for the temporary observatory, because northern clime in the world can the red star be gazed upon to better advantage. The lenses to be employed are of such exquisite power that the naked eye applied unprotected to the glass would be scorched in its socket.

The accompanying paraphernalia have been in process of manufacture for three years. The mechanism is so delicate that three exceedingly minute hair springs hold it in control. It will be shipped on a special car within a few days, and at-

lances of the observatory are to accompany it through to its destination.

The achievements of astronomers in the past have been wonderful, indeed, but the results of this American undertaking are confidently expected to be historic. Ten thousand dollars is the sum expended upon the photographic appliances alone.

ASTRONOMICAL KINETOGRAPH.

Perhaps this will be the first time the kinetograph has ever figured as a factor in astronomy. It will register ninety changes in a second, a lower fraction of time than any previously recorded. The grand total of expense for the undertaking is a round half million dollars.

No wonder the astronomical world looks for very definite results regarding the momentous and fascinating riddle of population, but that is by no means the only question the far-away star must answer.

As every schoolboy would know if he studied his lessons, Mars is the planet whose orbit is nearest the earth. His exact diameter is not known. The coming expedition will ascertain it, thanks to the directions of Prof. Pickering, but it is about 4,400 miles. Mars is 139,000,000 miles from the sun.

On June 12 next the expedition, according to its own calculation, will view the planet when it is nearly five times as bright as the ordinary phases allow it to be. The star will also be most brilliantly illuminated by the rays of the sun, and, as its distance from the earth will be no more than 33,800,000 miles, the superb telescope will command it perfectly.

Only once every seventy-nine years can Mars be examined under the most favorable auspices, when the blaze of the planet is so gorgeous as to lead to the impression that it is a new star.

The highest astronomical skill will be deployed, so to speak, to gather facts for the science. Not once the staff of Harvard's observatory, but representatives of the Lick staff, of the Greenwich observatory, of the astronomical observatory in Turin and numerous other seats of the heavenly sciences, are to take part in the long Mexican vigil. Urania will outdo herself. The reports of the work are to be translated into every European language.

The people who live on Mars, assuming them to have any existence at all, are to be left without any excuse for not knowing of our existence, although we may not be thoroughly aware of theirs. The Martians, in the nature of things, be far in advance of ourselves intellectually, physically and in many respects, as they are older than we. No doubt they have tried to communicate with us, but owing

to our lack of co-operation, no message has been, as it were, delivered.

Canale Flammarion is now making some highly important investigations into the nature of the media through which Martian information must necessarily be transmitted. He was at first inclined to suspect that a ray of light would answer the purpose. That is why we heard so much a few years ago about the feasibility of a radiant effluence systematically contrived upon our earth's surface as a signal to our fellow-creatures, if it be not too fanciful to call them so, so many million miles away.

But Flammarion has altered his views. He now inclines to the theory of an air current, dexterously directed as a connecting thread of atmosphere along which signals, perhaps acts and deeds, may be made manifest and effective.

Once the luminiferous ether now under Mars and earth like a dividing chasm has been penetrated, the whole difficulty vanishes. Then no messages, but meetings, how imperfect and partial their nature notwithstanding, become as ordinary as the Atlantic cable. These are the considerations which impart to June 12 next an almost feverish expectancy from the astronomical standpoint.

The young men from Harvard, Oxford and elsewhere are now the envy of their less-favored fellow-students, not that the cold and calculating professors allow anything but mathematically exact considerations to enter into their forecasts of the result. Moreover, it would be rather far-fetched in them to make extravagant claims as to what they hope to ascertain. Failure to realize their expectations would subject them to ridicule. Nevertheless, the expedition has such far-reaching ends in view that even the coolest of astronomers have been tempted into speculating upon certain possibilities involved in what may ensue when the discoveries are made.

Imagine, as the great Schiaparelli puts it, an unwittingly offered medium of communication presented to the Martians by ourselves. On that planet they are so far superior in intelligence as to be able to seize opportunities which we would fail alone to take advantage of, but even to see. Were the Martians malevolent they might occasion what we would mistake for a tremendous seismic convulsion, but which in reality must be an act of hostility on their part.

FIGHTING MARS.

Be these things as they may, and no doubt the masses of mankind will totter their heads very little about them so far as actual warfare is concerned, Schiaparelli and Flammarion to the contrary notwithstanding. It is interesting to note the comparatively secondary importance of the canals.

These canals of Mars have been pretty well exploited by this time. The expedition of Harvard's has rendered the science of astronomy a great service by demonstrating that the human eye, aided though it be by the most powerful lens man can devise, is powerless to determine the question of the reality of Mars' canals. Colossal evidence, the testimony of perceptions not of organs or beings, must be the final authority. Upon this phase of the problem will attention be concentrated.

Nor can anyone doubt who understands the learning, the wealth, the genius, and more than even all these, the unswerving patience and industry of our starry toilers, that a triumph of no ordinary grandeur awaits them in their approaching June vigil.

The ethics of claiming Mars, in case of an answer next month, have been discussed. Astronomers have had no hesitancy in regarding a discovered star as their own, though it stood forth for all to see. But will the same reasoning apply to a planet, one endowed with the power to fight, even, and take part in our own celebrations. And if so, could and would Mars understand and be willing? Would she learn to know who owned her, and would she deign to throw the results of her other existence into the hands of her new claimants? There are fanciful bewitching questions. Mars existed before the earth, say the scientists. Will Mars tell us what we do not know? And would she be willing to tell the United States alone, in case we claimed her? Ah, come June 12!

Only once in seventy-nine years does this closeness to Mars occur, and by the time it comes around again—though we shall not be here to know it—Mars and the earth will talk together like "naturals."

Two days later, with young Williams at the head of the regiment, they crossed the Rappahannock under a murderous fire and stacked arms in Fredericksburg.

The next day Kimball's brigade, to which the Twenty-fourth had been assigned, went into action, and young Williams, both the rest of the musicians, hung aside his drum and knapsack, and rendered valuable assistance in caring for the wounded and dying. Williams behaved with great gallantry throughout the engagement and won for himself the title of "Drummer Boy of Fredericksburg."

## YOUNG HEROES OF THE WAR

New Jersey Youths Who Rendered Their  
Country Gallant Service.

CHARGE LED BY A BOY

Daniel Williams of This City Enlisted  
As Drummer-When But Eleven  
Years Old.

The history of the civil war is replete with instances of heroic deeds performed on bloody battlefields by soldiers on whose faces the dawn of youth still lingered. The American youth was never seen to greater advantage than when fighting for the preservation of the Union from 1861 to '65, and many of those who achieved brilliant reputations as soldiers, and were honored by the recognition of their country, had not reached the age of manhood when the struggle ceased.

Among the earliest martyrs to the cause were young men like Ellsworth, Winthrop, Needham, Whitely and Ladd, and scores of others from all parts of the country. Every loyal State sent her quota of fairest youth to fight for the flag, but in no State was the proportion of young men and boys who entered the service greater than in New Jersey. Many of her regiments were made up almost exclusively of volunteers who had barely attained their majority, and among the rank and file of her regiments were some of the bravest and most devoted soldiers who were, as the world counts the years of life, mere boys.

Company I of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, was the youngest enlisted soldier in the Northern army. It was Daniel Williams, "The Drummer Boy of Fredericksburg," now financial clerk of the police court in this city. On the first day of September, 1862, when only eleven years old, he enlisted as a drummer boy. Three months later he was in the midst of some of the heaviest fighting of the war.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

On the 30th of September, 1862, the Twenty-fourth left Beverly, N. J., with its little eleven-year-old drummer boy, and on the 21st of October it arrived in Washington and went into camp at Fort Capitol Hill. On the 1st of December it took up its long march through Maryland to join Burnside, who was then making preparations for an assault on Fredericksburg. It arrived in the vicinity of Falmouth on the 10th, and

the Second Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps.

During the Peninsular campaign he served with distinction, not only on the staff of Gen. Burnside, but in more responsible capacities. At Williamsburg leading the decisive charge of the day, and winning the applause of both General Kearney and his immediate commander. At Fair Oaks he again distinguished himself, "his superior intelligence and activity," in the language of the commander of the brigade, "being manifest everywhere."

In the withdrawal of Kearney's division from its position in front of Richmond, Minnie, after accompanying the remains to New Jersey, was assigned for duty at army headquarters, being subsequently, when McClellan again took the field, left with others in charge of the Washington office. In October he was offered the command of the Twenty-seventh New Jersey Regiment, and accepting the position, at once reported for duty at Newark.

The Twenty-seventh, under his leadership, upon reaching the field, soon established a high reputation for efficiency and drill, and during its whole term of service, both in the East and West, enjoyed the fullest confidence of its superiors.

New Jersey had other men than those already named who achieved distinction. Brig. Gen. Francis Price entered the first volunteer contingent, while serving in the regular army, and he achieved a high and deserved celebrity as a soldier, being, indeed, in point of personal courage the equal of the best and greatest in the army.

In a number of the engagements in which he participated his gallantry won special recognition from superiors, while among the rank and file his uniform fidelity to duty secured him universal respect.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

At this time young Magee had become acting orderly to Gen. Van Cleave and to him, youth as he was, the order was given to charge the enemy. It may be that a single accompanied the order, a smile at the thought of committing such a work to a mere stripling; but it is certain that the confidence of the commander was not misplaced.

Taking the 181st Ohio Infantry, Magee sallied out of the works and rushed upon a battery posted upon an eminence hard by. The charge was made most gallantly, but the fire of the enemy was resistless, and slowly the column fell back. But the interval did not last for a moment before he was again in the front.

Selecting the 17th Ohio, he again moved out, again charged the foe, again met their withering fire, still, however, pressing on until, at last, the victory was his.

Two heavy guns and 800 of the enemy, killed, wounded and captured, were the trophies which he brought out of the contest. Nor was this all. This signal success at once dispirited the enemy and reviving the hopes of our own men, proved the first of a series of victories which resulted finally in driving Hood from Tennessee and restoring that whole section to Federal control.

The readiness and gallantry displayed by young Magee in this affair very naturally attracted the attention of those around him and he received the hearty commendation of General Rosecrank, Milroy, and other officers in command. Subsequently he received a medal of honor from the War Department inscribed: "72d Congress to Drummer William Magee, Company C, Thirty-third Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers."

CAPTAIN AT EIGHTEEN.

Gen. Minnie entered the military service of the United States when only eighteen years of age as first lieutenant of Company B, Twenty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in July, 1861. He was promoted to the captaincy in October following, and remained with the command until March, 1862, when he was assigned to staff duty with Brigadier General David B. Birney, commanding

the Second Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps.

During the Peninsular campaign he served with distinction, not only on the staff of Gen. Burnside, but in more responsible capacities. At Williamsburg leading the decisive charge of the day, and winning the applause of both General Kearney and his immediate commander. At Fair Oaks he again distinguished himself, "his superior intelligence and activity," in the language of the commander of the brigade, "being manifest everywhere."

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Sea Shore Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On Fridays and Saturdays during June, July and August, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets for 10.00 and 11.00 a. m. trains to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City at the rate of \$5 for the round trip, good to return until the following Tuesday.

AN EXCEPTIONAL PURCHASE  
OF  
**MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.**

At this season of the year manufacturers are anxious to dispose of their stock. We bought this lot of Negligee Shirts at our own figure. We want you to look them over without delay.

Woven Madras Shirts made with attached collars, cuffs and pockets.

**59c.**

All new patterns, washable colors. Every Shirt a perfect fit.

Never before have we ever offered such a value.

25c Fine Dimities, 15c. Three Ribbon Specials.

We have the assortment of these, none equal to it anywhere. What's the use of paying 25c per yard when we sell you the goods and give you a good pick for 15c yard.

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1. No. 10 All-silk Gauze Ribbons - in colors or black. Worth, 25c. For 16c yd.

2. No. 30 "atin Gros Grain Ribbon - all silk - all the new colors. Worth, 25c. For 19c yd.

3. 35c All-silk Warp Ribbon, 4 1/2 inches wide. For 19c yd.

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We are the sole agents for the Standard Fashion Co.'s patterns. A fashion sheet free of charge.

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420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

For... **Wedding Presents**

We propose to sell Sterling Silver Ware at the lowest possible margin of profit. Our superb collection includes all that is new and appropriate for the occasion.

This handsome Leather Case containing a sterling silver Cream Ladle, Sugar Spoon and Sugar Tongs, all with gold-lined bowls, complete set—**\$5.00.**

No such bargain was ever before offered. It is a really good specimen of our good faith as to price.

We have a large variety of useful sterling silver articles at \$1.50.

Hundreds of sterling silver Fancy Pieces in cases from \$2 to \$10.

Oak (chests filled with sterling silver Flat Ware, \$25 to \$500).

We carry the largest selection of Cooks in the city, both American and foreign, as well as Europe, China, Japan, etc., silver-plated Ware, etc.

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**Cool Breezes**

Makes the hot weather bearable by making your home and office as cool as possible. Electric light is much cooler than gas light and much better. An electric fan will make an office cool and comfortable.

Please send or drop us a postal if you want power for a fan or current for light.

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**Lawn Grass Seed.**

Lawn Fertilizers, Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Garden Hoses and **LAWN MOWERS.**

**P. MANN & CO.,**  
307 7th St. N. W.

**Studier Offers**

At greatly reduced rates, first-class, three-year-old, post-grown plants of best varieties of Monthly Roses, Blooming Shrubs, Arbor Vite, Honeysuckle, Clematis, pansy, petunias, etc., 25c each, or \$2.50 per dozen—several kinds in millions. Also, 100,000 of all kinds of Bedding Plants at reasonable prices—at the Store.

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**AMERICAN LINE.**

New York-Southampton (London-Paris) Twice a week U. S. Mail Steamship.

Sailing every Wednesday.

St. Louis, Jun 3, 10 am; St. Louis, Jun 24 10 am; Berlin, Sat Jun 6, 10 am; Berlin, Sat Jun 27, 10 am; St. Paul, Jun 10, 10 am; St. Paul, Jun 21, 10 am; Paris, Sat, Jun 13, 10 am; Paris, Sat, Jun 24, 10 am; New York, Jun 17, 10 am; New York, Jun 28, 10 am.

**RED STAR LINE.**

NEW YORK TO ANTWERP.

WESTERLAND, Wednesday, June 3, Noon; BERLIN, Saturday, June 6, 10 am; SOUTHARK, Wednesday, June 10, 10 am; NORDLAND, Saturday, June 13, 12 noon.

International Navigation Company.

Piers 14 and 15, North River. Office & Booking Green, N. Y.

**GEO. W. MOSS, Agent,**  
321 Penna. Ave.

**Did the storm break your**

Windows? I have a special force of men who can go to you at short notice and do the needed repairs. Perhaps the paint got rubbed off your house. **THE HODGKIN MODEL PAINT** is the best in the market today, and I sell it reasonably, too.

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Phone 287, 913 7th St. N. W.

**ELECTRIC FANS**  
And Electric Lights for Little Money.

**JOHN R. GALLOWAY'S,**  
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**TRUSS**—best makes—expertly fitted.

**FISCHER, 427 7th.**

—Every PIANO in our stock has been re-priced at, and in many cases below, wholesale cost. For instance:—

**\$350 Brawa & Simpson, \$269.50**  
**\$375 Standard Piano, \$219.50**  
**\$325 Whitney Piano, \$215.00**

**METZEROTT MUSIC CO.**

Steamship tickets via all lines to all parts of the world. For freight tickets, agents C. O. & H. H.

**1110 F Street N. W.**

**Ever Used COKE?**

If you have you know what a grand summer fuel it is—how much superior to coal. Economy recommends it to every saving housewife—for it lasts longer than any other fuel. So don't let it burn to worry over.

40 bushels (uncrushed).....\$2.90  
40 bushels (crushed).....\$3.70

**Washington Gaslight Co.,**  
413 Third Street N. W., or  
WM. J. ZEH,  
226 N Street. Phone 470.

**Washington Gaslight Co.,**  
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Thomas A. Edison Tells Why It Cannot Yet Be Made Commercially Profitable

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Discoveries Likely Soon to Be Made That Will Cause Revolutions in Life and Industry.

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West Orange, N. J., Nov. 7.—Thomas A. Edison sat in his laboratory today and discussed the mighty forces of nature and their utilization for the benefit of mankind. He believes the world to be on the brink of some astonishing advances in the art of power development; that certain theoretical and fundamental facts are soon to be made commercial use of in ways that will amount to a revolution of life and industry almost as great as was brought about by the steam engine or the telegraph or the telephone or the dynamo.

"Some of the scientists," he said, "have been speculating as to what the world will do when its supply of coal has been burned up. At the same time the conventional inventors of this age are working hard to find out practical solutions of this problem and there is no one engaged in any method more than one method for getting a great deal more power than we shall ever need will be practically and successfully worked out long before there will be actual necessity for decreasing coal consumption. So long as the sun shines, man will be able to develop power in abundance, no matter whether there are coal mines or not, and when its rays have been quenched, power will no longer be needed. It is from the sun in fact that we get all our power now, for coal is only stored sunshine and the rays that fall upon the earth's surface today are as full of power as ever they were."

John Ericsson, assisted by his expert working when he died, that each square yard of the earth's surface receives sufficient heat from the sun, when its rays fall perpendicularly through a dry atmosphere, to make enough steam to run an engine of one horse power. The only obstacle to the direct use of the sun's concentrated rays for the purpose of making power in this latitude lies in the fact that, excepting in midsummer, the sunshine does not fall ver-

son by copper wires would be far more practicable.

**PROBABILITIES IN THE NORTH**  
Although the greatest possibility in the way of changing sunshine into power exists in the dry and sunny South, there are great possibilities, even in the latitude of New York and Chicago. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there is an average of clear, direct sunshine of only one hour a day the year through. That would be 300 hours, or thirty working days (thirty days not counted) and a square mile of territory would therefore produce the equivalent of more than three millions of horse-power for one month.

This power, however, would be furnished intermittently. There would be days and days when the entire three million odd horse-power would be developed, and other days and sometimes weeks, when hardly any power at all would be available. It is because of this that to plan for making power out of sunshine is yet commercially impracticable. When there is plenty of sunshine power would be wasted in great quantities; when there is no sunshine there would be no power at all.

But to give a perfect storage battery, so that the power made on bright days could be paid away for use at night and on sunless days the power produced in three hundred hours would be equal to 400,000 horse-power—the amount used by New York for all purposes, for every day during seven months and a half. And two square miles of the Jersey marshes, just across the North River from the big city, and at present unused for any purpose whatever, if fitted up with big sunshine-concentrating apparatus, would give power enough to keep all the wheels of New York, and Brooklyn, too, for that matter, a-whirling the whole year through. Similar conditions exist in the neighborhood of nearly every big city. Such a plan would have to be carried out by a great corporation or by the government, municipal, State or national, since private means would be inadequate. But it would seem to be quite feasible for the owner of a factory to have a great reflector on the roof of his shop, and collect what power he needs in that way, producing there that he wants in the long hot days of summer, and storing it electrically for use in the winter and in rainy, foggy weather.

**ELECTRICITY WITHOUT STEAM.**  
With regard to the storage battery, nearly of quite a perfect form of which, it has been seen, is essential to the carrying out of such a scheme, Mr. Edison said today: "Except for light power uses, electric storage is not yet a commercial success. The storage battery of today is heavy, awkward to handle, and expensive. It wears out too quickly and costs too much to re-charge, and until some new thing is found out about it, electric storage will not come into general use. There is no reason to doubt, however, that electric storage will eventually be brought to approximate perfection, and when that is done a great step forward will have been taken. Theoretically, it ought not to be impossible to store any quantity of electric energy, nor to transmit it indefinitely. But electricity is an evanescent, subtle thing, especially when you get it in great quantities and of high tension. You can never tell when it is going

to get away—to squirm off the wire—in transmission, and it is likely at any time to seek out new roads and reappear just when and where you least expect it."

In what has been said so far about the possibility of turning sunshine into power, the assumed method has been that experimented with by Ericsson—the concentration of the sun's rays on a steam boiler and the use of a steam engine, this latter to be worked in connection with a dynamo in order to get a transmissible or storable current. But by the time man needs to make power from sunshine, it may be possible to turn heat into the mystic current without intervention of a steam engine at all. Mr. Edison thinks such a scheme is likely to be found out in the comparatively near future, and when it is, he believes, the problem of cheap power will be settled for a long time to come.

"Then," he says, "all we shall have to do will be to shovel our coal into some sort of an electric furnace, set fire to the coal and attach our transmitting wires. There will be no loss from condensing steam, or leaking joints or cumbersome valves and other moving parts. I believe that the days of the wasteful steam engine may be said to be numbered."

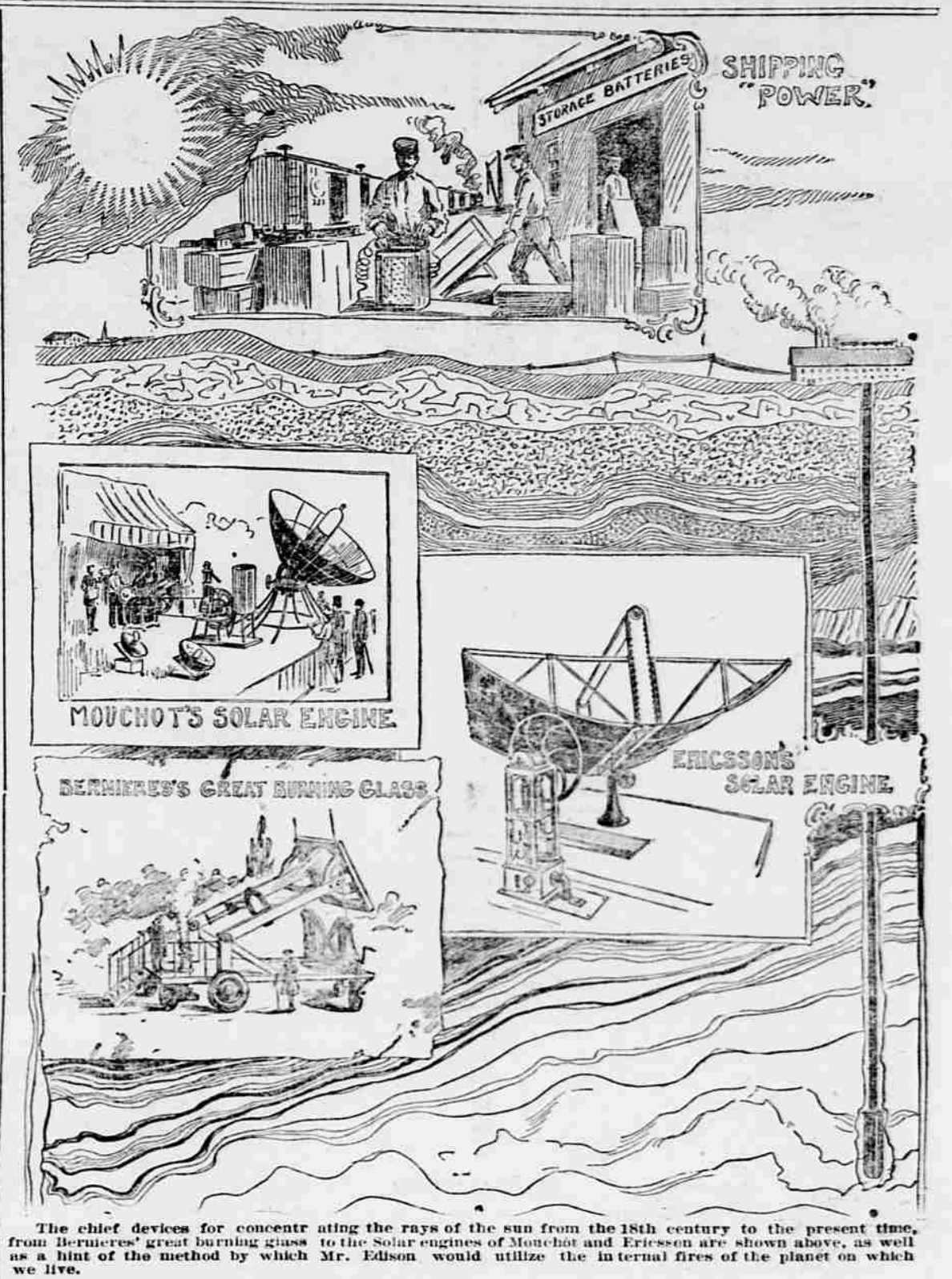
**WANTED—GREATER STEAM PRESSURE**  
Mr. Edison believes, however, that the steam engine has a good deal of a chance even now, if only the right man will remove its limitations.

"As the steam engine is at present operated," he said, "we get only a small portion of the power out of the coal we burn. That is because we have not yet learned to make our boilers strong enough. What we need is greater pressure. Now it takes, say, three pounds of coal to make one horsepower, using a pressure of, say 200 pounds to the inch. With a doubling of the pressure we could get a horse power out of three-quarters of a pound of coal. And when we learn to make boilers strong enough, then we shall at once reduce the consumption of coal per horsepower enormously."

Only a man who understands metals perfectly may hope to do this. He will have to demonstrate the strength of his boilers absolutely, too, before he can get them used, for a defective one would be a terrible instrument of destruction. Once let him prove that they will safely carry a thousand pounds pressure to the inch, however, and he will be able to make them fast enough for the demand. They are wanted most by the owners of fast trans-Atlantic steamers who could easily drive their boats across the ocean in three days instead of six days now consumed in the trip, if they could only get enough steam pressure.

"But more wonderful things than any I have yet spoken of are sure to be accomplished," said Mr. Edison, in continuation of the talk. "I know of no good reason whatever why we should not get our steam and electric power direct from the earth's internal fires. Indeed, I believe this will certainly be done, and at no very remote time, too, as soon, in fact, as it will be profitable."

"I mean just what I say. Why shouldn't man take advantage of the practically limitless and intense heat which he knows is buried beneath him, and in many places at comparatively shallow depths?"



The chief devices for concentrating the rays of the sun from the 18th century to the present time, to the Solar engines of Mouchot and Ericsson are shown above, as well as a hint of the method by which Mr. Edison would utilize the internal fires of the planet on which we live.

## Is Our Earth Drying Up?

Undoubtedly It Is Slowly Losing Its Water Like the Planet Mars and the Moon.

Is the earth drying up? It is a startling question, and what is yet more startling, the answer given by science is undoubtedly affirmative.

Not that there is any occasion for alarm. The terrestrial water supply is adequate for a long time to come. It is not in our day that the fountains of the deep will fail; neither we, nor our children, nor our children's children, are likely to suffer from a general water famine.

The question is a real one, none the less, and more serious for upon the answer depends the ultimate fate of the human race. And this answer, based upon strict scientific reasoning and the most just analogies accessible to us, is, as has been stated, affirmative. Our earth, in very truth, is slowly drying up.

Of all the planets of the solar system, Mars bears the closest resemblance to the world on which we dwell; this is conceded. Further, it is in every way probable that Mars has been covered with vegetation; there is much reason to believe that it is even now like our own orb, a theater of life. But it is older—in effect, much older—than the earth. Listen to what the brilliant Lowell, one of the highest authorities on this subject, says of its present condition. After a careful survey of all the evidence, he summarizes the matter thus:

"It follows that Mars is very badly off for water. Such scarcity of water on Mars is just what they would lead us to expect. Mars is a smaller planet than the earth, and therefore is relatively more advanced in his evolutionary career. He is older in age if not in years; for whether his birth as a separate world antedates ours or not his smaller size, by causing him to cool more quickly, would necessarily age him faster. But as a planet grows old, the oceans, in all probability, dry up, the water retreating through cracks and caverns into its interior. Water thus disappears from its surface, and so something of what is continually impressed by chemical combination.

Signs of having thus perished with its oceans were made out of the moon, whose so-called seas were probably seas in their own day, but have now become old sea bottoms. On Mars the same process is going on, but would seem not yet to have progressed so far, the seas there being midway in their career from real seas to arid and depressed deserts; no longer water surfaces, they are still the lowest portions of the planet, and, therefore, stand to receive what scant water may yet travel over the surface." (Mars, pp. 122-123.)

Here then, are not one, but two impressive object lessons; and any careful reader will readily perceive that this analogy is strictly applicable to the earth. Mars has gradually dried away until its surface is like a desert, through parts of which the streams from the melting ice-caps still descend in floods at certain seasons, making a system of irrigation possible; and it is a well-known fact that the telescope reveals what appears to be a network of canals all over the planet's disk. The moon, being smaller, has reached a still more advanced stage.

Water is as essential to the life of a world as blood to the life of man; and the moon is like a dry and shriveled mummy, dead for ages. Its almost airless sky—if sky it can be called—is without cloud or rain; the beams of its lakes and the beds of its ancient seas are empty; its parched rocks are undrained with verdure, and appear like a ragged mass of hardened slag.

Such is a perished world in its last estate, the result of the complete disappearance of water from its surface; and if scientific reasoning is of any value, there is little room for doubt that the earth is on its way to a condition equally deplorable.

For the teachings of geology and chemistry lead to the same conclusion. There is no doubt that there was once far more water on the earth than now—far too much, in fact. Vast oceans of hot and turbid brine raged over almost its en-

tire surface. The murky air was torn with storms of which we can form but the faintest conception. Over what little land there was, the acid-laden rains poured with incredible violence, eating and wearing the hard rock until finally a soil was formed capable of sustaining vegetable life. Then the waters slowly cooled and colored and subsided.

They are still subsiding, though the process is so gradual as to be unperceivable to man. Just as of old, some portion of moisture is constantly being driven into the bowels of the earth, never to reappear, while another portion is every moment entering into chemical combinations which convert it into solid substance—and little of this is ever released.

The world now is in a transition state, and probably is near that stage of evolution most favorable to the existence and development of intelligent beings. In the remote past the conditions were incompatible with life; in the remote future life will again become impossible, and the lack of water will presumably be the prime cause of its final disappearance.

Let us now endeavor to trace the series of changes by which this will be brought about, and the progressive influence upon man and human institutions.

Only the driest needs of what is now the bed of the ocean will be suitable for occupation by the human race. Even there little water will remain, though in the lowest depths a few intensely saline lakes will linger, their desolate banks crisscrossed with salt, their waters more intolerable than those of the Dead Sea.

Just as the waters will have become scant, so the air will have become thin. Such apparently is the case on Mars today; and the moon has no air at all, or an atmosphere so slight that we cannot detect it. And owing to the thinness of air there will be few clouds, and little if any rain; even the winds will subside into insignificance. At the poles, however, and on the heights, snow will still fall, or at any rate frost will be deposited in large quantities; and the melting of the ice-caps thus formed will furnish the whole available supply of water. The streams from this source, which will be fairly abundant in the season of thaw, will be carefully guided through an intricate system of canals and simply hoarded in huge reservoirs, whence it will be drawn for irrigation and other necessary uses.

Gold and silver will not be half so precious as this beautiful, transparent liquid of which we are so lavishing wealth will be measured in cubic feet of water, and a spring or fountain will be more valuable than any mine. Nor can this be called a mere fancy picture. To all appearance it is exactly the state of affairs which obtains on Mars at the present time.

The whole ocean bed, therefore, will be like a vast valley of the Nile—fertile, indeed, but rendered so only by incessant care and the highest engineering skill, while above and around it will be a chill Sahara, a desolate and deadly waste, swept with showers, unprotected by any veil of cloud, its impotent atmosphere scarcely sufficient to drift its abounding dust. All over it will be scattered the unvisited remains of the cities that we know, and its plains will be furrowed with the half-obliterated channels of our great rivers. It will have but one remaining use: It will have become the cemetery of the world, both the old and the new.

The great valley below, which is to be the bottom of the sea, will be densely crowded with a population which will admit of no increase. How the people of that late and declining age will solve the difficult problems that will confront them,

### WHAT'S TO BE THE OUTCOME

Vivid Picture of the Gradual But Inevitable Effect of Absorption Upon Human Life and Happiness.

It is hardly possible even to conjecture, but man, taken here, now, or just, a highly paternal form of government would seem to be inevitable, for the water must be parcelled out with the utmost wisdom and impartiality, and no waste can be tolerated. Navigation, of course, will be a thing of the past. Even the fishes will become almost or quite extinct.

More than this man will doubtless have suffered actual physical modifications, gradually brought about by the changes in his environment. Some of these will be due to atmospheric changes; for the air, besides being much diminished, will almost surely be impoverished in its most vital element. It is a very suggestive fact that today the proportion of oxygen is only about one part in five; we are pretty safe in assuming that the proportion was once considerably greater. Oxygen is an extremely active element, eagerly entering into combinations of various kinds which lock it up in solid or fluid form. Nitrogen, on the contrary, is remarkably inert, entering into combination with reluctance, and freeing itself with extraordinary facility. Its compounds are stable and slow, often to the extent of being violently explosive; and it is as useless for the maintenance of life as is the gas that fills the atmosphere, when it becomes less in volume and density, will the same time deteriorate in quality, and the lungs of man must needs accommodate themselves to the change by gradually changing their capacity. Thus the very constitution and aspect of the human race will in the course of ages suffer marked alteration.

And what will be the final outcome? It is a disheartening picture. Even the scanty supply of water which we have thus far assumed, must at length begin to fail; it will no longer be sufficient for the entire population. Unavoidably some must perish. There is to be no final alternative, and who shall it be? It is impossible to conceive of any other solution than a struggle for bare existence forever, a weary supply of water which we have thus far assumed, must at length begin to fail; it will no longer be sufficient for the entire population. Unavoidably some must perish. There is to be no final alternative, and who shall it be? It is impossible to conceive of any other solution than a struggle for bare existence forever, a weary supply of water which we have thus far assumed, must at length begin to fail; it will no longer be sufficient for the entire population. Unavoidably some must perish. There is to be no final alternative, and who shall it be? 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# WATER—THE GREATEST ASSET TO CITY BUILDING

## *Men of Vision. Who Built Tulsa Despite the Visionless Minds*

## Still Find Their Progress Blocked

Five later told the writer that it was the tensest moment of his life. If he ever felt the temptation to turn back, it was then," he said.

Moreover, by the time he had reached the world—the law of self-defense—the law of beating your man to the draw and the drop—I had a perfect right to that courtroom. And there followed a minute when one of the boys moved, ever so slight, on Hatfield's part, would have sent him where my brothers are."

Five promptly told the state's attorney what had happened. Captain A. B. Davis, his chief counsel, told Judge Robert D. Bailey, sitting in the case, who then gave the "dis-

... minds of the marchers" soon became a definite purpose. There was a clash, then another, then "battles" of information, and presently actual battles of arms.

And that is part of the story of the "March to Missoula" and of the mining war.

Whose "gat" will write the beginning of the next chapter, and who will be the "finis" of it all?

**EIGHT YEARS OF PROBE FAILS TO CLARIFY.**

By J. HART C. APPELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.—Who is the matter with West Virginia?

The question is one a special se-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Such men are sincere and honest in most part. Let that fact

Another theory is that the mag-

retic fields in sun spots, recently discovered by the late Dr. H. A. Alford at Mount Wilson, do not show the earth with electrons, but produce systematic magnetic action in the atmosphere of the earth. One of the strongest objections to the existence of Martian signals is the belief that the enormous constant electrical activity of the sun would smother the best efforts of the men of Mars.

complicated the observer's task. The small size of the planet, Mars, rotates in 24,000-mile circumference once in a little more than hours, so that at its equator it is making good speed of about 1,000 miles a minute, or about five times the speed of a racing car. If the servers were content with seeing Mars 15 miles off, the hovering ship would be

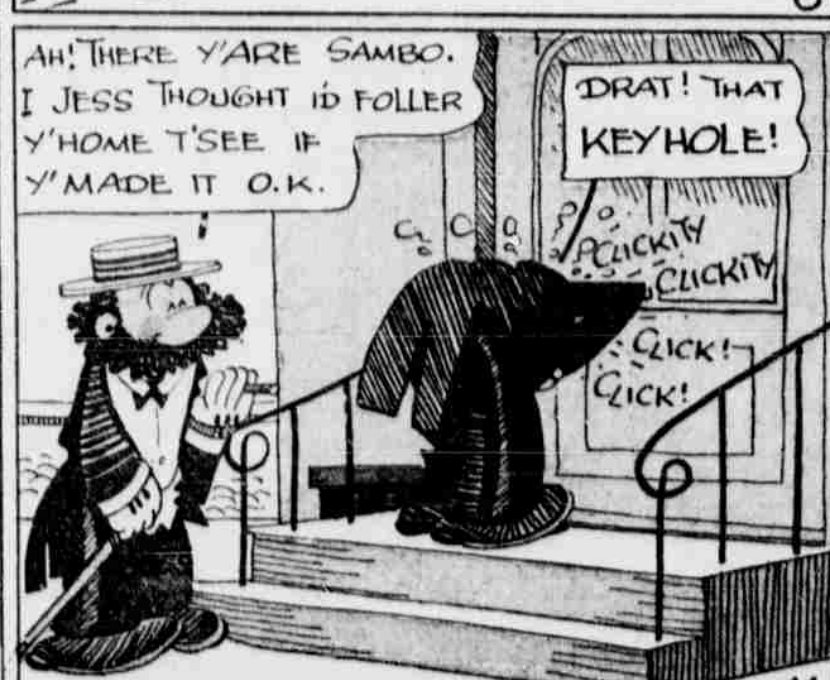
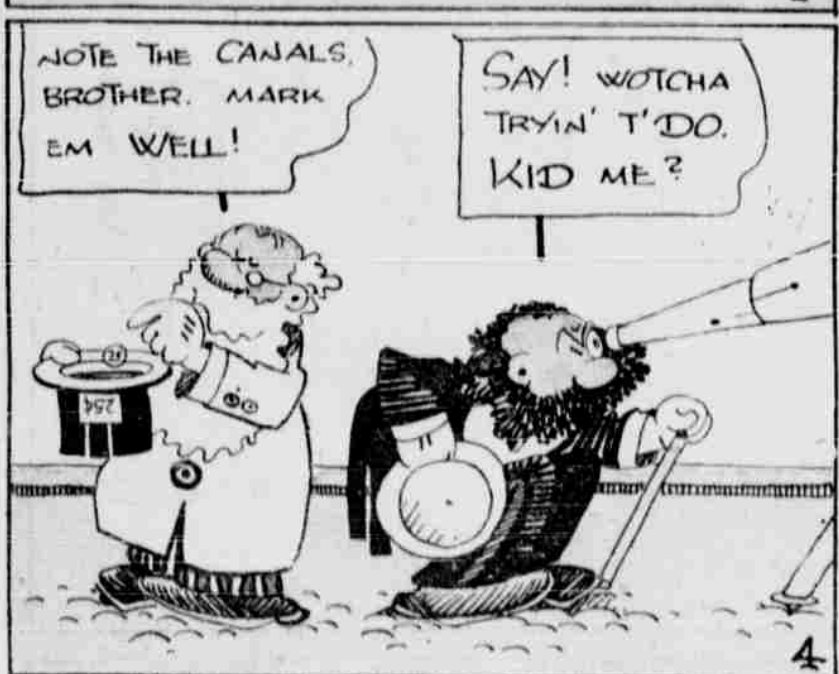
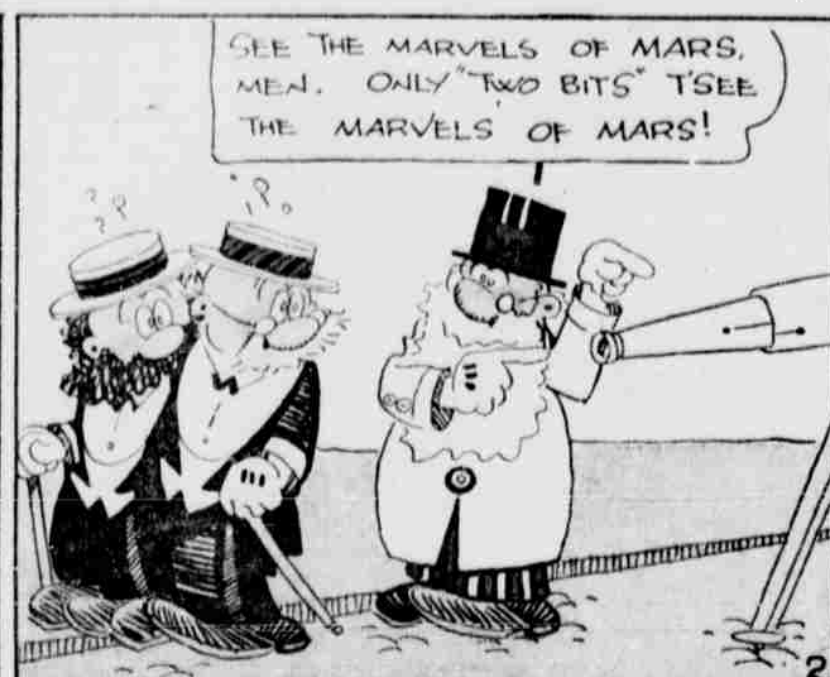
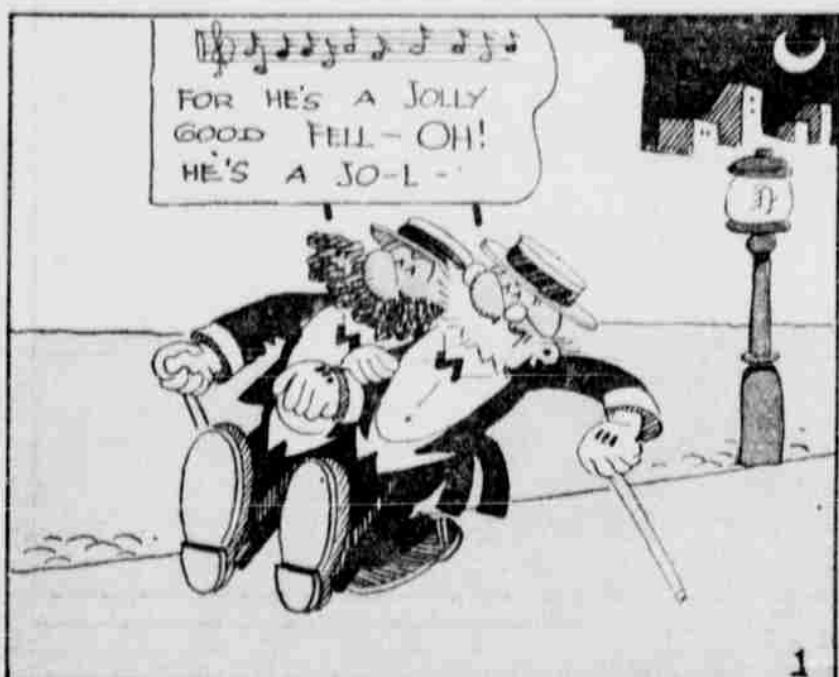
CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.





Sunday, October 1, 1922

## Polly—Pa's No Star as an Astronomer





# The National Tribune

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of the Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, and all Pensioners of the United States.

Published by The  
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WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord, 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less;  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While He values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellows then;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meanest hinds are men:  
Men by honor, men by feeling,  
Men by thought, and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little weed-clad rills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills;  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
For to him all famed distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of other's foreheads  
Living only to rejoice,  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and Justice are eternal.  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right;  
God, whose world-hard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Sinks oppression, with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

## A Midnight Struggle.

In the early autumn of the year of 1849, about half an hour of sunset, I drew rein in front of a large double log-house, on the very summit of the Blue Ridge mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodation for myself and servant Bose, a dark-skinned body-guard. Bose and I had been playmates in child and boyhood, and I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me as I was to him, and on more than one occasion he had shown his devotion.

There had been a "shooting match" at the Mountain House that day, and, as I dismounted, I saw through the open window of the bar-room a noisy, drunken, and evidently a quarrelsome set of backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come up dryer than any other man "on the mountains."

"I say, Mars Ralph," said Bose in a low tone as I handed him my bridle rein, "I don't like the looks of dem dar. S'pose we goes on to the next house; taint fur."

"Nonsense, Bose," I replied, "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stables and see to them yourself. You know they've had a hard day of it."

And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders, I walked up the narrow path to the house.

I found, as I have intimated, the bar-room filled with a noisy, turbulent crowd, who one and all stared at me without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my servant could have accommodation for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little red-headed, cadaverous-looking man, I desired at once to be shown to my room, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians.

The room to which I was shown was at the far end of along two story structure, evidently but recently added on to the main building, which it intersected at right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached.

I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there being, besides the bed, a comfortable cot, half a dozen "splint bottomed" chairs, a heavy clothes press, and a bureau with glass.

There were two windows, one along side the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room.

The first mentioned door was heavily barred with stout oak strips, a protection, I presumed, against intrusion from the porch, while across the latter door was drawn a heavy woolen curtain.

In the course of a half an hour Bose entered and announced that the horses had been properly attended to, and a few minutes later a bright-faced mulatto girl summoned us to supper.

Supper over, I returned to my room, first requesting to be roused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise.

Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for retiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking furtively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

"Mars Ralph, dars gwine to be trouble in dis house afore morning," he said.

And I saw in a moment that something had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium.

"Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a smile.

"I tole you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trabbel fuder," was the rather mysterious reply. "You see dat gal dere tole me dere would be a muss if we stayed in this old house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that four men whom I had noticed together were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our property, if not our lives.

The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, next the one in which they stood, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his actions judged that he was urging the men to their nefarious work.

"I tell you, Mars Ralph, dem people ain't arter no good—now you heard me," persisted Bose.

I had begun to think so myself; but what was to be done? The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and, by being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance.

I found that from the barred window, in which there was a broken pane of glass, a good view of the stables could be had.

Then for the other window.

I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and raising the sash, looked out.

A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side.

Far below I could see the faint glimmer of water, the low murmur of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while on a level with that should have been the ground, I dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the soundings of which I could only guess at.

In other words, the house, or that portion of it, was built upon the very verge of the cliff, and solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by the hands of man.

I leaned far out and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure rested and the edge of the structure; and then I turned away with full conviction that if escape must be made, it certainly would not be made in that direction. There was nothing especially strange in this; there are many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room and saw the look in Bose's face, I felt that danger quick and deadly was hovering in the air.

"Without speaking I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be accurate anywhere under half a hundred yards.

"Dar! dem's what I like to see!" exclaimed Bose as he dived down into his bag and fished out an old horse pistol that had belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with No. 1 buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters.

The stables in which our horses were feeding could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions. I found the door could be locked from the inside, and in addition to this, I improvised a bar by means of a chair-leg wrenched off and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven in the wall. Its fellow on the opposite side was missing.

We then lifted the clothes press before the window, leaving just room enough on one side to c'early see, and, if necessary, fire through; dragged the bureau against the door with as little noise as possible, and felt that everything that was possible had been done.

A death-like stillness reigned over the place, broken only once by the voice of the colored girl singing as she crossed the stable yard.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stables, where Bose was on the watch, when suddenly I felt a slight touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin 'bout de stable

doo' arter de horses, shuah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjecture—there were two of them—one standing out in the clear moonlight, evidently watching my window, while the other—and I fancied it was the landlord—was in the shadow near the door which at that moment slowly sprung open.

As the man disappeared within the building, a low, keen whistle cut the air, and at the same instant I heard the knob of my door cautiously tried.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side, from the door where I had been listening.

"Dey's got de horses out in de yard," he whispered, as he drew aside to let me look out through the broken pane. "Take the door," I said "and fire through if they attack. I am going to shoot that fellow holding the horses."

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavern-keeper. He ain't no count. Drop the big man!" was the sensible advice which I determined to adopt.

Noiselessly drawing aside the curtain, I rested the muzzle of my pistol on the sash where the light had been broken away; and drew a bead upon the tallest of the two men who stood, holding the three horses out in the bright moonlight.

The sharp crack of the weapon was instantly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and measure his length upon the earth, affd then from the main building there rang out:

"Murder! Murder! Oh, help!

Like lightning it flashed across my mind. There were thi g horses out in the open lot! There was, then, another traveler besides ourselves.

A heavy blow descended upon the door, and a voice rsared:

"Quick! Burst the infernal thing open, and let me get at him. The scoundrel has killed Dave!"

"Let them have it, Bose," I whispered, rapidly reloading my pistol. "The second panel."

With a steady hand the plucky fellow leveled the huge weapon and pulled the trigger.

A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told them the shot had been wasted.

"Sabe us! how it do kick!" exclaimed Bose under his breath.

The blow had fallen like an unexpected thunderbolt upon the bandits, and a moment later we heard their retreating footsteps down the corridor.

"Dar'll be more of 'em heah 'fore long, Mars Ralph," said Bose with an ominous shake of the head. "I 'spects dese b'longs to a band, and if dey comes an' we still heah, we gone coons for shuah."

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I knew that such bands did exist in these mountains.

Stunnen for a moment, I turned round and stared hopelessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was, never lost his head for a moment.

"Bound to leab here, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain't no way gwine 'cept tro dat window;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the cliff.

I merely shook my head, and turned to watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard.

Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing around the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke.

"Now den for de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I caught his meaning.

He had stripped the bed of its covering, dragged off the heavy tick and the stout hempen rope with which it was "corded."

In five minutes he had krawn the rope through its many turnings, and then, gathering the coil in his hands, he drew up the sash and prepared to take soundings.

It failed to touch the bottom; but, no wise disheartened, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced on. This succeeded and the cord was drawn up preparatory to knotting it in place of cross-pieces.

In the meanwhile the silence without had been broken once. A shrill, keen whistle, such as we had heard before, was given by the man on the watch, and replied to by some one seemingly a little way off. Then I heard footsteps—soft, cat-like ones—on the veranda outside, showing that the robbers were on the alert at all points.

At length Bose announced the "ladder" ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end was held and made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose.

"Now, den, Mas'r Ralph, I go down fust and see if 'um strong enough to bar us."

And he was half way out of the window before I could speak.

"No, Bose; you shall not," I answered, firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must—"

The words were lost in the din of a furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The dull heavy strokes of the axe were intermingled with the sharp, quick clatter of the hatchets as they cut away at the barrier, and once in a while I could hear deep oaths, as though they had been rendered doubly savage by our resistance.

"Here, Bose, your pistol! Quick!" I whispered, and the heavy charge went crashing through, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I will hold the place," I



# A Lesson for the Girls

By Hope Daring

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The Dailies were seated at their midday dinner when a neighbor's boy unceremoniously pushed open the screen door and tossed in a letter.

"Got your mail, 'Mis' Dailey," he called out as he ran off.

Mrs. Dailey, a little faded blonde, turned and picked up the envelope. "It's from Katherine, girls," she cried, her voice not quite steady.

Bernice, the eldest daughter, held out her hand. "I will read it, mamma," she said, speaking in a commanding although well-bred voice.

Mrs. Dailey handed her the letter. To be sure, it was addressed to herself, but Beatrice attended to the affairs of the entire household.

Beatrice was 23, tall and erect, she resembled her mother, only her eyes and hair were darker, and she had the air of one born to command. Bernice, three years Beatrice's junior, was the beauty of the family. She was small and dark, with sparkling face, and long-lashed, Spanish eyes. Gladys was 18, and looked like her mother. She was musical and ambitious, their limited means alone preventing the thorough cultivation of her gift.

The letter was from Mrs. Dailey's sister and only near relative, Mrs. Katherine Dillon, who had been for years abroad with an invalid husband. Mr. Dillon had died several months before, and the return of the sister and aunt had been eagerly looked forward to by the Dailies.

"Why don't you read it aloud?" Bernice asked petulantly, as Beatrice turned another leaf of the letter.

"Oh, I always knew life held something for me besides existence here in Hamlin," the elder sister exclaimed,



"Tell You I Have Decided to Adopt Your Mother."

her face aglow with excitement. "Listen to Aunt Katherine's letter:

"Dear Sister:—I will arrive in Hamlin on or about the tenth and will probably remain a month. I long to look again in your face, Margaret, for it is 12 years since we met. Now that I am alone in the world, my heart turns to you and your dear daughters. I almost envy you, sister. I would gladly give my wealth for your girls. I am going to borrow one of your treasures for the winter at least. Which one we will decide after I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. I shall spend the winter either in Florida or southern California, and am sure I can make the season a delightful one for a girl. Good-bye, dearest sister. I shall have much to tell you when we meet. Love to all.

"Your affectionate sister,

"KATHERINE DILLON."

"Of course she'll take me," Bernice cried, a crimson flush staining her olive cheek. "Just think of dozens of new dresses and a winter in a fashionable southern resort!"

Gladys sat bolt upright and opened her pale-blue eyes to their greatest extent. "I don't see why you should be so sure. Aunt Katherine loves music, and when she knows how eager I am to study under the better masters—"

"Don't dispute, girls; it's vulgar," Beatrice said. "Mamma, a cup of fresh tea, please. You all seem to forget that I am the eldest and strongly resemble Aunt Katherine."

Mrs. Dailey sighed as she hurried out to the kitchen after hot water for Beatrice's tea. No one remembered her own deep joy at the coming of Katherine.

"But I am selfish to think about myself," she concluded when dinner was over and she began clearing the table. "Katherine will be as proud of my daughters as I am. No, girls, I don't need any help. I can do the dishes."

The next few days were busy ones. As the exact date of Mrs. Dillon's arrival was uncertain, the Dailies resolved to be ready at the earliest possible time when she could be looked for.

She arrived at nine in the morning,

and walked up from the depot. Margaret Dillon was a woman of 40. Her form was slender but gracefully poised. Her face was much like that of Beatrice, but the years had brought to it lines of thought as well as to her blue-gray eyes a serene light.

"Aunt Katherine," both girls exclaimed, hurrying forward.

Mrs. Dillon greeted her nieces affectionately. Gladys heard the hum of voices and came running down, her bow was still in her hand.

When the aunt could make herself heard, she said softly: "You forget, my dears, that I want your mother."

Mrs. Dailey was busy in the kitchen. Through the open door, Katherine caught a glimpse of her. Springing forward, she caught her in a close embrace.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Dillon held her sister at arm's length and carefully studied her face. Mrs. Dailey was worn and wan, she wore a faded but clean print dress; her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and specks of flour clung to her toil-hardened hands.

Katherine Dillon's keen eyes noted the warm kitchen. Then she glanced at the three girls. "What have you been doing with your mother, girls? It is not only that she is warm and tired, but what has brought this old look? You are only 40, Margaret, and should be a comparatively young woman."

The days went by. Mrs. Dillon's comfort and pleasure was so deftly ministered to that she could not be grateful enough to the bright-faced girls whom she was learning to love. The only drawback to her enjoyment was her disappointment regarding her sister.

What was wrong? Katherine did not doubt her sister's love. But the hours of companionship she had looked forward to were few and unsatisfactory. Mrs. Dailey spent the greatest part of her time in the kitchen. When not there, she was silent, her daughters evidently not expecting her to take part in the conversation. She seldom went into society, read little, and was really "behind the times."

Mrs. Dillon gave the matter much thought. She saw that the girls were much surprised when she expected their mother to take her rightful place both at home and in the society of the little place. It was not easy to tell where the fault lay.

A month passed. September gave place to October and the air grew crisp and invigorating.

"A week more," Mrs. Dillon announced one morning at the breakfast table, "a week more of pleasure. Then we must decide which of you is to go with me, and I must hire me away to Chicago to provide a suitable outfit for myself and my companion."

It was the first time she had directly mentioned the matter. The color deepened in each girl's cheeks, but they made no reply. They had all grown very fond of their aunt, and a winter with her had many attractions.

The week that Mrs. Dillon had mentioned went by. They were again at the breakfast table when the southern trip was referred to.

"I shall start on Thursday," Katherine said. "Now as to who is to go with me."

She paused and reflectively stirred her coffee. "Girls, I hope you will all be satisfied when I tell you I have decided to adopt your mother."

No one spoke. The canary trilled gayly, a passing wagon rattled along the street, and Mrs. Dillon finished her graham gem with apparent relish. Then she went on:

"I mean it, girls. I don't know whose fault it is, but there is something wrong in your home. Instead of being your friend and confidante, instead of being petted and cared for, instead of enjoying the Indian summer of her life, your mother is a kitchen drudge. More than this—she is fast

approaching a broken-down and loveless old age. She may be as much to blame as any one. I am going to make one effort to bring sunshine into her life. I shall take her to Chicago and purchase her a supply of suitable and dainty clothing. Then I shall carry her to the south for the winter. She shall rest, read, enjoy pretty things and bright people, and be loved and petted. In the spring she shall come back to you—if you deserve her."

"Oh, Katherine, don't," cried the mother. "I couldn't leave my girls alone, and besides I would rather they should have the pleasure."

"Aunt Hester Main, my housekeeper, is to come and spend the winter here," was Katherine's cool reply. About your going, let the girls speak for themselves."

Another pause. Then the latent nobleness of Margaret Dailey's daughters asserted itself.

Beatrice arose and went round to her aunt. "We want her to go. Thank you, Aunt Katherine. You have taught us a lesson, and we needed it."

Bernice added: "We will try to deserve her when she comes back."

Gladys caught her mother in her arms. "Precious little mamma! We do love you, even if we have been so careless."

Mrs. Dillon's programme was carried out. The lesson was, as Beatrice had said, a needed one; but, like many such, the learning of it was not pleasant. A quiet winter at home, sharing the duties that had been too long relegated to the mother, contrasted sharply with the pleasures each had confidently expected for herself. They missed and longed for the gentle presence they had so little prized.

The mother and aunt, happy in each other, yet anxious for the real welfare of the girls at home, knew that a womanly care for the happiness of others was being developed in the nature of Margaret Dailey's daughters.

The reform was a thorough one. In the spring the mother went back to be the real mistress of her home and the loved mother of her proud daughters.

## Swiss Naval Wars.

References to the Swiss navy are usually jocular; but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the Lake of Geneva.

The great fleet was that of the duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by turrets and propelled by a crew of oarsmen varying in number from 40 to 72. These vessels besieged Versoix and even blockaded Geneva.

But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chillon in 1536; and when the Bernese annexed the Canton of Vaud they too had their flotilla. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, eight guns, and 150 fighting men.

## The Appreciative Word.

This old world would be a happier place if we made it a habit to tell our friends of the nice things we hear about them. We all know how pleasant it is to hear things of that sort. The employer who appreciates and occasionally praises the work of his employe gets far better results than the one who never takes the trouble to recognize the well-meant efforts of those whom he employs. It is so in every kind of work.

## He Knew.

Self-made Man (to highly educated grandson)—Well, Teddy, my boy, what do you learn at school?

Teddy—Latin and Greek and French and algebra.

Self-made Man—Ho, indeed! And what's the algebra for—cabbage?—Tid-Bits.

## Sudden Changes.

Evelyn—I hear that Reggy Windy called his new motor boat the Lobster.

George—Yes; but it isn't a lobster now.

Evelyn—Why not?

George—Because it turned turtle.—Harper's Weekly.

If you are witty, be sure that your wit is always innocent and kindly.

Many people will say that the theater is for recreation and amusement, and the entire dismissal of any mental effort on the part of the audience. It is of course all of that, and there are many Temples of Thespis filled with laughter and music and song where such diversions are offered. But surely there is also a great purpose in the drama, and any big question affecting a great class of the people of the world should surely prove of great interest and value to those who take the theater seriously.

## True Mission of the Play

By ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Actress.

The follies and injustices of the times are the dramatists' themes and tools. When they are skillfully handled they never miss their aim. Sheridan's "Rivals" did more to suppress the blustering, oath-cracking swagger of his period than a thousand tracts could have done.

# MORE ABOUT MARS

## SOME DEDUCTIONS FROM RECENT OBSERVATIONS OF PLANET.

### Prof. Lowell More Than Ever Convinced That There Is Intelligent Life Upon Heavenly Body.

There is scarcely more fascinating subject to absorb the attention than speculations whether or not there is life on Mars. Mars is the nearest planet susceptible to observation, for, although the orbit of Venus lies nearer that of the earth, it is never possible to see its full disk. Speculation about Mars, then, is naturally in order, because, although only once in fifteen years the planet reaches its nearest apposition to the earth, it may be viewed in a fairly satisfactory manner most of the time. The strange markings which appear on the surface of the ruddy planet are so mysterious that they challenge the speculative powers of almost every observer.

To these strange markings may be assigned most of the modern interest in the earth's great neighbor. It is entirely upon them that evidence has been adduced by Prof. Lowell to show that there is intelligent life upon Mars. From his data obtained in his observatory he deduces that they are artificial, and, consequently, the work of intelligence.

Observation shows that the markings are subject to changes. It has been found that they are, for the great part, in parallel lines. From what we know of natural markings upon our own globe and its satellite this is regarded as unlikely to have a natural origin. On the other hand, there are so many astronomers who fail to accept this view that it cannot be said to be regarded as established.

Recently Mars was in closer proximity to the earth than it had been for 15 years. At this time Prof. Lowell obtained some remarkable photographs on which are shown the markings on the surface of the planet. This is a triumph in one way at least, for it forever disposes of the view that the markings were not on the planet but were nothing more or less than an illusion. It is true that many eminent astronomers who have pointed their telescopes at Mars have confessed their inability to see the so-called canals. With photographic evidence there no longer can be doubt of their existence, and those observers who do not see them when they look at the planet will be forced to confess a weakness of vision.

But while some English astronomers now admit the photographic evidence presented to them, they still loath to believe the canals are the work of intelligent beings inhabiting Mars.

Prof. Lowell has given some of his reasons for believing that Mars is in-

habited by intelligent life. "Now, with Mars," he says, "the state of things accords completely with what is demanded for the existence of life. The climate is one of extreme, where considerable heat treads on the heels of great cold, as the surface shows conclusively. In summer and during the day it must be decidedly hot.

"Indeed, the conditions appear to be such as put a premium upon life of a high order. The Martian year being twice as long as our own, the summer there is proportionately extended.

"Another point, too, is worth considering. In an aging world where living conditions have grown more difficult, mentality must characterize its



Lowell Observatory at Tacubaya from Which the Planet Has Been Studied.

beings more and more in order for them to survive, and would, in consequence, tend to be evolved. To find, therefore, upon Mars highly intelligent life is what its state would lead one to expect."

Of the canals he has this to say: "They cannot be rivers, as Proctor advanced, because of their peculiar straightness. Nor can they be cracks, because of their uniform size. Their unbroken character is another fatal objection to this argument.

Suggestive of design as their very appearance is, the idea of artificiality receives further sanction from careful consideration on at least eight counts:

- "First. Their straightness.
- "Second. Their individually uniform size.
- "Fourth. The dual character of some of them.
- "Fifth. Their position to the fundamental planetary features.
- "Sixth. Their relation to the oases.
- "Seventh. The character of these oases.
- "Eighth. The systematic network- ing by both canals and oases of the whole surface of the planet."

# ON A DUTCH CANAL

## FEATURES OF A TRIP ON ONE OF THE SLOW-MOVING BOATS.

### Interesting Sights and Experiences—Whirling Windmills, Level Greenness, and Black and White Cattle to Be Seen Everywhere.

To refute the popular idea that this is a hurrying world, wherein it is to be met naught but bustle and unrest, one has only to step on board a Dutch canal boat, say at Delft, and travel by its slow-moving stages to Rotterdam. The quay at Delft is a quaint spot, little altered since Vermeer painted his immortal picture of it; to reach it one must tread tile-paved ways where the canals wind, bordered by blossoming lime trees in July, where vigorous servant maids come to draw buckets of water on long poles for their furious sousing of doorsteps and house-fronts as one goes by warily. A weather-beaten canal boat awaits; half-a-dozen carpet-seated stools provide accommodation for the luxurious tourist aboard the Johanna Maria. At the other end gather a group of blue-bloused peasants, all smoking fat pipes, a cargo of baskets, market produce and bales of merchandise. After a great deal of puffing from the short black funnel amidships, and the clanging of a brass bell in the stern, we are off. The chief mate, after ringing the bell, immediately sets to work to polish it to a state of winking brightness. In the course of our leisurely passage, the chief mate polishes everything within reach; one feels that it is only motives of politeness that keep him from including ourselves in the process.

It is Saturday, and all along the way the good housewives are busily scrubbing and scouring doorsteps, window-sills, door-frames; and in one instance the very landing-stage itself

is feeling the effect of the national passion for cleanliness. Rows of wooden shoes—"klompen" is the native term for them—stand at thresholds. One does not wonder that they are allowed no further entry to those spotless interiors of austere cleanliness. We steam leisurely through the flat, placid meadows where herds of black and white cattle, troops of goats, sheep and horses feed contentedly on the rich green pasture, repeating as though by instinct the favorite Dutch combination of black and white. A red-hued Devon cow, one feels, would look almost improper in this land of Quaker black and white. As far as eye can reach, and that is a great distance in this fenland of flatness, one sees the same prospect—whirling windmills, level greenness, black and white cattle, just the landscape that Ruysdael loved to paint, never seemed to tire of painting; it has changed no whit, apparently, since his day.

Near Rotterdam the fields get fewer, we pass between rows of the poorer houses where women are bartering on the quays for their Sunday's vegetables, strong dogs pull the little vegetable carts from door to door, and the children stamp in and out among them, surprisingly nimble in their heavy "klompen." We draw in at the Delfsch port. Electric trams clang in the distance. The commonplace of civilization include us in their grip once more; but whenever you lament the "strenuous life" and desire to escape it, take the canal boat from Delft to Rotterdam, and you will know better than to believe that this is wholly an age of unrest.

## Information Wanted.

She—Did you hear they had a falling out, last night.

He—No; hammock, canoe or automobile?—Yonkers Statesman.







# A Princess of Mars

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By  
**EDGAR RICE  
BURROUGHS**  
Author of  
**Tarzan of the Apes**

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Synopsis.—The author tells of his acquaintance with the hero of one of the most remarkable adventures ever recorded. From a manuscript left by his friend he has vividly set out the strange happenings which brought together a brave Virginia gentleman and a Princess of Mars. In the Arizona hills John Carter, mining prospector and ex-Confederate soldier, fleeing from a war party of Apaches, takes refuge in a cave the atmosphere of which has a remarkable effect on him. Yielding to its influence he sinks into unconsciousness, his last thoughts centered on the glow from the planet Mars. Awakening, Carter realizes that he has, in some incomprehensible manner, been transported to Mars. He is surprised by a party of armed Martian warriors, who seek his life. He convinces their leader, Tars Tarkas, of his harmlessness and is conveyed, a prisoner, to a Martian city.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

I have ever been prone to seek adventure and to investigate and experiment where wiser men would have left well enough alone. It therefore now occurred to me that the surest way of learning the exact attitude of this beast toward me would be to attempt to leave the room.

Slowly and carefully, therefore, I gained my feet, only to see that my watcher did the same; cautiously I advanced toward him, finding that by moving with a shuffling gait I could retain my balance as well as make reasonably rapid progress. As I neared the brute he backed cautiously away from me, and when I had reached the open he moved to one side to let me pass. He then fell in behind me and followed about ten paces in my rear as I made my way along the deserted street.

Evidently his mission was to protect me only, I thought, but when we reached the edge of the city he suddenly sprang before me, uttering strange sounds and baring his ugly and ferocious tusks. Thinking to have some amusement at his expense, I rushed toward him and when almost upon him sprang into the air, alighting far beyond him and away from the city. He wheeled instantly and charged me with the most appalling speed I had ever beheld. I had thought his short legs a bar to swiftness, but had he been coursing with greyhounds the latter would have appeared as though asleep on a door mat. As I was to learn, this is the fleetest animal on Mars and, owing to its intelligence, loyalty and ferocity, is used in hunting, in war and as the protector of the Martian man.

I quickly saw that I would have difficulty in escaping the fangs of the beast on a straightway course, and so I met his charge by doubling in my tracks and leaping over him as he was



"The Thing, Which More Nearly Resembled Our Earthly Men Than It Did the Martians I Had Seen, Held Me Pinioned to the Ground With a Huge Foot."

almost upon me. This maneuver gave me a considerable advantage and I was able to reach the city quite a bit ahead of him, and as he came tearing after me I jumped for a window about thirty feet from the ground in the face of one of the buildings overlooking the valley.

Grasping the sill I pulled myself up to a sitting posture without looking into the building, and gazed down at the baffled animal beneath me. My exultation was short-lived, however, for scarcely had I gained a secure seat upon the sill than a huge hand grasped me by the neck from behind and dragged me violently into the room. Here I was thrown upon my back, and beheld standing over me a colossal

ape-like creature, white and hairless except for an enormous shock of bristly hair upon its head.

The thing, which more nearly resembled our earthly men than it did the Martians I had seen, held me pinioned to the ground with one huge foot, while it jabbered and gesticulated at some answering creature behind me. This other, which was evidently its mate, soon came toward us, bearing a mighty stone cudgel with which it evidently intended to brain me.

The creatures were about ten or fifteen feet tall, standing erect, and had, like the green Martians, an intermediary set of arms or legs, midway between their upper and lower limbs. Their eyes were close together and non-protruding; their ears were high set, but more laterally located than those of the Martians, while their snouts and teeth were strikingly like those of our African gorilla.

The cudgel was swinging in the air which ended upon my upturned face when a bolt of myriad-legged horror hurried itself through the doorway full upon the breast of my executioner. With a shriek of fear the ape which held me leaped through the open window, but its mate closed in a terrific death struggle with my preserver, which was nothing less than my faithful watch-thing; I cannot bring myself to call so hideous a creature a dog.

As quickly as possible I gained my feet and backing against the wall I witnessed such a battle as it is vouchsafed few beings to see. My beast had an advantage in his first hold, having sunk his mighty fangs far into the breast of his adversary; but the great arms and paws of the ape, backed by muscles far transcending those of the Martian men I had seen, had locked the throat of my guardian and slowly were choking out his life, and bending back his head and neck upon his body, where I momentarily expected the former to fall limp at the end of a broken neck.

Back and forth upon the floor they rolled, neither one emitting a sound of fear or pain. Presently I saw the great eyes of my beast bulging completely from their sockets and blood flowing from its nostrils. That he was weakening perceptibly was evident, but so also was the ape, whose struggles were growing momentarily less.

Suddenly I came to myself and, with that strange instinct which seems ever to prompt me to my duty, I seized the cudgel, which had fallen to the floor at the commencement of the battle, and swinging it with all the power of my earthly arms I crashed it full upon the head of the ape, crushing his skull as though it had been an egg shell.

Scarcely had the blow descended when I was confronted with a new danger. The ape's mate, recovered from its first shock of terror, had returned to the scene of the encounter by way of the interior of the building. I was standing near the window and I knew that once in the street I might gain the plaza and safety before the creature could overtake me; at least there was a chance for safety in flight, against almost certain death should I remain and fight, however desperately.

I had turned to make for the window, but my eyes alighting on the form of my erstwhile guardian threw all thoughts of flight to the four winds. He lay gasping upon the floor of the chamber, his great eyes fastened upon me in what seemed a pitiful appeal for protection. I could not withstand that look, nor could I, on second thought, have deserted my rescuer without giving as good an account in his behalf as he had in mine.

Without more ado, therefore, I turned to meet the charge of the infuriated bull ape. He was now too close upon me for the cudgel to prove of any effective assistance, so I merely threw it as heavily as I could at his advancing bulk. It struck him just below the knees, eliciting a howl of pain and rage, and so throwing him off his balance that he lunged full upon me with arms wide stretched to ease his fall.

Again, as on the preceding day, I had recourse to earthly tactics, and swinging my right fist full upon the point of his chin I followed it with a smashing left to the pit of his stomach. The effect was marvelous, for, as I lightly side-stepped, after delivering the second blow, he reeled and fell upon the floor doubled up with pain and gasping for wind. Leaping over his prostrate body I seized the cudgel and finished the monster before he could regain his feet.

As I delivered the blow a low laugh rang out behind me, and, turning, I beheld Tars Tarkas, Sola and three or four warriors standing in the doorway of the chamber. As my eyes met theirs I was, for the second time, the recipient of their zealously guarded applause.

My absence had been noted by Sola on her awakening and she had quickly informed Tars Tarkas, who had set out immediately with a handful of warriors to search for me. As they had approached the limits of the city they had witnessed the actions of the bull ape as he bolted into the building, frothing with rage.

They had followed immediately behind him, thinking it barely possible that his actions might prove a clue to my whereabouts, and had witnessed my short but decisive battle with him. This encounter, together with my set-to with the Martian warrior on the previous day and my feats of jumping placed me upon a high pinnacle in their regard.

Sola, who had accompanied the searching party of her own volition, was the only one of the Martians whose face had not been twisted in laughter as I battled for my life. She, on the contrary, was sober with apparent solicitude and, as soon as I had finished the monster, rushed to me and carefully examined my body for possible wounds or injuries. Satisfying herself that I had come off unscathed she smiled quietly, and, taking my hand, started toward the door of the chamber.

Tars Tarkas and the other warriors had entered and were standing over the now rapidly reviving brute which had saved my life, and whose life I, in turn, had rescued. There seemed something menacing in their attitude toward my beast, and I hesitated to leave until I had learned the outcome. It was well I did so, for a warrior drew an evil-looking pistol from its holster and was on the point of putting an end to the creature when I sprang forward and struck up his arm. The bullet striking the wooden casing of the window exploded, blowing a hole completely through the wood and masonry.

I then knelt down beside the fearsome looking thing and raising it to its feet, motioned for it to follow me. The warrior whose gun I had struck up looked inquiringly at Tars Tarkas, but the latter signed that I be left to my own devices and so we returned to the plaza with my great beast following close at heel and Sola grasping me tightly by the arm.

I had at least two friends on Mars; a young woman who watched over me with motherly solicitude, and a dumb brute which, as I later came to know, held in its poor ugly carcass more love, more loyalty, more gratitude than could have been found in the entire five million green Martians who rove the deserted cities and dead sea bottoms of Mars.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Child-Raising on Mars.

After a breakfast, which was an exact replica of the meal of the preceding day and an index of practically every meal which followed while I was with the green men of Mars, Sola escorted me to the plaza, where I found the entire community engaged in watching or helping at the harnessing of huge mastodon animals to great three-wheeled chariots.

The chariots were large, commodious and gorgeously decorated. In each was seated a female Martian loaded with ornaments of metal, with jewels and silks and furs, and upon the back of each of the beasts which drew the chariot was perched a young Martian driver. Like the animals upon which the warriors were mounted, the heavier draft animals were neither bit nor bridled, but were guided entirely by telepathic means. This power is wonderfully developed in all Martians and accounts largely for the simplicity of their language and the relatively few spoken words exchanged even in long conversations.

As the cavalcade took up the line of march in single file, Sola dragged me into an empty chariot and we proceeded with the procession toward the point by which I had entered the city the day before.

Every one but myself—men, women and children—were heavily armed, and at the tail of each chariot trotted a Martian hound, my own beast following closely behind ours; in fact, the faithful creatures never left me voluntarily during the entire ten years I spent on Mars.

The incubator, as it proved, was the terminal point of our journey this day and, as the entire cavalcade broke into a mad gallop as soon as we reached the level expanse of sea bottom, we were soon within sight of our goal.

On reaching it, half a score of warriors, headed by the enormous chieftain and including Tars Tarkas and several other lesser chiefs, dismounted and advanced toward it. I could see Tars Tarkas explaining something to the principal chieftain, whose name was, by the way, as nearly as I can translate it into English, Lorquas Pionel, Jed; Jed being his title.

I was soon apprised of the subject of their conversation, as, calling to Sola, Tars Tarkas signed for her to send me to him. I had by this time mastered the intricacies of walking under Martian conditions and quickly responding to his command I advanced to the side of the incubator where the warriors stood.

As I reached their side a glance showed me that all but a very few eggs had hatched, the incubator being fairly alive with the hideous little devils. They ranged in height from three to four feet, and were moving restlessly about the enclosure as though searching for food.

I was permitted to remain close and

watch their operations, which consisted in breaking an opening in the wall of the incubator large enough to permit of the exit of the young Martians.

On either side of this opening the women and the younger Martians, both male and female, formed two solid walls leading out through the chariots and quite away into the plain beyond. Between these walls the little Martians scampered, wild as deer; being permitted to run the full length of the aisle, where they were captured one at a time by the women and older children; the last in the line capturing the first little one to reach the end of the gauntlet, her opposite in the line capturing the second, and so on until all the little fellows had left the enclosure and been appropriated by some youth or female. As the women caught the young they fell out of line and returned to their respective chariots, while those who fell into the hands of the young men were later turned over to some of the women.

I saw that the ceremony, if it could be dignified by such a name, was over, and seeking out Sola I found her in our chariot with a hideous little creature held tightly in her arms.

The work of rearing young, green Martians consists solely in teaching them to talk, and to use the weapons of warfare, with which they are load-



Between These Walls the Little Martians Scampered, Wild as Deer.

ed down from the very first year of their lives. Coming from eggs in which they have lain for five years, the period of incubation, they step forth into the world perfectly developed except in size. Entirely unknown to their own mothers, who, in turn, would have difficulty in pointing out the fathers with any degree of accuracy, they are the common children of the community, and their education devolves upon the females who chance to capture them as they leave the incubator.

By careful selection the Martians rear only the hardiest specimens of each species, and with almost supernatural foresight they regulate the birth rate to merely offset the loss by death. Each adult Martian female brings forth about thirteen eggs each year, and those which meet the size, weight and specific gravity tests are hidden in the recesses of some subterranean vault where the temperature is too low for incubation. Every year these eggs are carefully examined by a council of twenty chieftains, and all but about one hundred of the most perfect are destroyed out of each yearly supply. At the end of five years about five hundred almost perfect eggs have been chosen from the thousands brought forth. These are then placed in the almost air-tight incubators to be hatched by the sun's rays after a period of another five years.

The incubators are built in remote fastnesses, where there is little or no likelihood of their being discovered by other tribes. The result of such a catastrophe would mean no children in the community for another five years. I was later to witness the results of the discovery of an alien incubator.

Sola's duties were now doubled, as she was compelled to care for the young Martian as well as for me, but neither one of us required much attention, and as we were both about equally advanced in Martian education, Sola took it upon herself to train us together.

Her prize consisted in a male about four feet tall, very strong and physically perfect; also, he learned quickly, and we had considerable amusement, at least I did, over the keen rivalry we displayed. The Martian language, as I have said, is extremely simple, and in a week I could make all my wants known and understand nearly everything that was said to me. Likewise, under Sola's tutelage, I developed my telepathic powers so that I shortly could sense practically everything that went on around me.

The third day after the incubator ceremony we set forth toward home, but scarcely had the head of the procession debouched into the open ground before the city than orders were given for an immediate and hasty return. As though trained for years in this particular evolution, the green Martians melted like mist into the spacious doorways of the near-by buildings, until, in less than three

minutes, the entire cavalcade of chariots, mastodons and mounted warriors was nowhere to be seen.

Sola and I had entered a building upon the front of the city, in fact, the same one in which I had had my encounter with the apes, and, wishing to see what had caused the sudden retreat, I mounted to an upper floor and peered from the window out over the valley and the hills beyond; and there I saw the cause of their sudden scurrying to cover. A huge craft, long, low and gray painted, swung slowly over the crest of the nearest hill. Following it came another, and another, and another, until twenty of them, swinging low above the ground, sailed slowly and majestically toward us.

Each carried a strange banner swung from stem to stern above the upper works, and upon the prow of each was painted some odd device that gleamed in the sunlight and showed plainly even at the distance at which we were from the vessels. I could see figures crowding the forward decks and upper works of the aircraft. Whether they had discovered us or simply were looking at the deserted city I could not say, but in any event they received a rude reception, for suddenly and without warning the green Martian warriors fired a terrific volley from the windows of the buildings facing the little valley across which the great ships were so peacefully advancing.

Instantly the scene changed as by magic; the foremost vessel swung broadside toward us, and bringing her guns into play returned our fire, at the same time moving parallel to our front for a short distance and then turning back with the evident intention of completing a great circle which would bring her up to position once more opposite our firing line; the other vessels followed in her wake, each one opening upon us as she swung into position. Our own fire never diminished, and I doubt if 25 per cent of our shots went wild. It had never been given me to see such deadly accuracy of aim, and it seemed as though a little figure on one of the craft dropped at the explosion of each bullet, while the banners and upper works dissolved in spurts of flame as the irresistible projectiles of our warriors mowed through them.

The fire from the vessels was most ineffectual, owing, as I afterward learned, to the unexpected suddenness of the first volley, which caught the ships' crews entirely unprepared and the sighting apparatus of the guns unprotected from the deadly aim of our warriors.

Twenty minutes after the first volley the great fleet swung trailing off in the direction from which it had first appeared. Several of the craft were limping perceptibly, and seemed but barely under the control of their depleted crews. Their fire had ceased entirely and all their energies seemed focused upon escape. Our warriors then rushed up to the roofs of the buildings which we occupied and followed the retreating armada with a continuous fusillade of deadly fire.

One by one, however, the ships managed to dip below the crests of the outlying hills until only one barely moving craft was in sight. This had received the brunt of our fire and seemed to be entirely unmanned, as not a moving figure was visible upon her decks. Slowly she swung from her course, circling back toward us in an erratic and pitiful manner. Instantly the warriors ceased firing, for it was quite apparent that the vessel was entirely helpless, and, far from being in a position to inflict harm upon us, she could not even control herself sufficiently to escape.

As she neared the city the warriors rushed out upon the plain to meet her, but it was evident that she still was too high for them to hope to reach her decks.

She was drifting some fifty feet above the ground, followed by all but some hundred of the warriors who had been ordered back to the roofs to cover the possibility of a return of the fleet, or for re-enforcements.

As the craft neared the building, and just before she struck, the Martian warriors swarmed upon her from the windows, and with their great spears eased the shock of the collision, and in a few moments they had thrown out grappling hooks and the big boat was being hauled to ground by their fellows below.

After making her fast, they swarmed the sides and searched the vessel from stem to stern. I could see them examining the dead sailors, evidently for signs of life, and presently a party of them appeared from below dragging a little figure among them. The creature was considerably less than half as tall as the green Martian warriors, and from my balcony I could see that it walked erect upon two legs and surmised that it was some new and strange Martian monstrosity with which I had not as yet become acquainted.

Dejah Thoris, Princess of Mars.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Pilgrim Fathers Were Separatists.**  
The Puritans sought the reform of the Church of England. The Pilgrims were Separatists from the first, who had already left England and formed an independent congregation in Leyden, whence they came to New England. They numbered forty-one families, 102 persons, landing at Plymouth December 20, 1620. They had previously made a covenant known as the Mayflower covenant, which bound them into a civil state with a religious basis. They wished to found "a church without a bishop and a state without a king."

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take

**Grove's  
Laxative**

**Bromo  
Quinine  
tablets**

Be sure its Bromo

**Q**

**C. H. Grove**  
The genuine bears this signature  
30c.

## FRECKLES

Yea, Verily.

It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways and that is as true of the Golden Rule as any other.—Boston Transcript.

A strong man without confidence is weak.



A woman's fondest hope is to stay young. She often resorts to paints, powders and cosmetics to hide her years. Some women pay large sums to so-called "Beauty Doctors" in the belief that money will buy youth. Others wear girlish dresses, thinking they can fool the world about their age. But no one is deceived. The more you try to hide your age, the more it shows.

There is but one thing that holds old age back, and that is health. Sickness and weakness bring old age early in life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a building-up medicine for women. It makes them healthy and strong when they suffer from women's troubles. It keeps them looking young by keeping them well. It is a woman's tonic for the frail, the delicate and those who are nervous, dizzy and who have backache and dragging pains. Favorite Prescription is altogether vegetable and without a particle of alcohol. It is safe to take. Try it now. In tablet or liquid form at all druggists, or send 10c for trial package of the tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

## WATCH THE BIG-4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

**GOLD MEDAL  
HAARLEM OIL  
CAPSULES**

The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## WE REPAIR FALSE TEETH IN 24 HOURS

Broken plates \$1.50 up. Mail teeth, we return same day.  
**Bailey Dental Company**  
704 City Nat'l Bank Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

## BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over sixteen years of age who have had at least two years in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address  
Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium  
Lincoln, Nebraska

**Children's Coughs**  
may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat often will be avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

**PISO'S**



## The Standard.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice, Ogden, Utah, under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.  
Published Daily, except Sundays, by Wm. Glasmann.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

One Month, In Advance.....\$ .75  
Six Months, In Advance..... 4.25  
Twelve Months, In Advance..... 8.00

**Circulation Guarantee**  
This paper has been investigated by the circulation records and has been found to be correct and accurate. The circulation records are kept with care and the circulation stated with such accuracy that advertisers may rely on any statement of same made by the publishers under the ownership and management in control. Aug. 20, 1908.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

The Evening and Semi-Weekly Standard.

Per inch.  
Daily, change each day.....20c  
E. O. D. change each day.....25c  
Twice a week, change each day.....22c  
Once each week.....23c  
One time or other irregular insertions.....25c

If advertisements run more than once without change, change following price per inch each day.

Per inch.  
Daily Adv. for two times.....15c  
Daily Adv. for three times.....16c  
Daily Adv. for one week.....14c  
E. O. D. Adv. for two times.....19c  
E. O. D. Adv. for three times.....17c  
E. O. D. Adv. for one week.....15c  
Twice a week, two times.....20c  
Twice a week, three times.....18c  
Twice a week, four or more times.....16c

**PREFERRED POSITION**—15 to 50 per cent extra according to location.  
**LOCAL READERS**—15 cents per line each first insertion, ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion, or 50 cents per line per week without change.

**RANDOM REFERENCES**—25 cents per line first insertion, 20 cents per line each subsequent insertion, or 90c per line per week or \$3.00 per line per month, change once each week.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**—One cent per word, no first insertion less than 25 cents, or two lines or more per week for 25c per line, change once each week.

## HE BUILT FOR OUR GREAT GOOD.

A Denver minister, sermonizing on the death of E. H. Harriman, said the great railroad man's life had been empty of good results as he left starving thousands to condemn him.

It is difficult to understand the idea intended to be conveyed, unless Harriman be held responsible for all the heartaches he failed to ease or all the mouths he failed to fill.

Mr. Harriman, had he been solely a stockholder, might have been charged with responsibility for a fraction of the misfortunes of humanity, but he was the most indefatigable upbuilding and constructive genius this country has known. He did more than offer charity. He built permanent institutions and established solid railroads from which an army of men is deriving a livelihood and by which the country has expanded to allow of an untold number of new homes. For his far-sighted policy, the entire West has cause to be thankful and the nation good reason to praise his name. It is strange that a minister can see in Harriman's career nothing to laud.

## BLOCK SIGNALS BETWEEN OGDEN AND ZION.

This evening the block signal system will be in operation between Ogden and Salt Lake and a little later the Oregon Short Line to the north of this city will be harnessed to the electric watch tower. This is as it should be. A railroad operating without the block signals is fast becoming an antiquated thing to be avoided.

Ogden has had cause to rejoice over this one improvement, if nothing more, inaugurated by E. H. Harriman. There was a time when wrecks were so commonplace occurrences that half of them were not reported and the operating officials of the roads out of Ogden drew salaries principally on the basis of their abilities to minimize the stories of wrecks as given to the newspapers. That was before Harriman ordered the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific placed under the Argus eye of the electric force which never overlooks and never sleeps on duty.

The wives of railroad trainmen lived in dread of sudden death of a collision in which Death claimed its victims. But that is changed. There has been no head-on or rear-end collision on the Southern Pacific or Union Pacific in a long period and even minor accidents of the rail have dwindled to insignificance.

With this demonstration of efficiency of the block signal system, laws should be enacted forcing all railroads to install some such safeguards, as was done in the case of the automatic car coupler and the airbrakes. Some railroad managers are so thrifty and grasping and possessed of such narrow vision that they refuse to recommend any extra expense for safety appliances and must be driven by public sentiment, written into our laws, to do that which their sense of duty to the traveling public and

their own employees might be expected to dictate.

## DEMOCRATS ARE HOPELESSLY DIVIDED.

Once more the Democrats are to make an effort to rehabilitate the national Democratic party. There is no national Democratic party. That party was disrupted beyond the power of the present leaders to reunite when Bryan made his crown-of-thorns speech and received the nomination at Chicago. From that moment there has been no unity and no common purpose within the Democratic lines, and the once defeated and thrice humiliated Cleveland Democrats are today as far from harmonizing with the Bryan Democrats as Populists with oldtime Democrats.

The Democracy does not represent even a forlorn hope and is so feeble in its opposition to Republicanism as to be scarcely recognizable as a protestant.

If Democracy continues to be de-vitalized, there will be but one party and that so large as to eventually provoke a division, the weaker side of which will displace Democracy as the voice of the discontented and dissatisfied.

## VACOS, THE SLAYER OF CONTOS, IN COURT.

The judge of the District court has acted wisely in setting aside the compromise reached by the prosecuting attorneys and the lawyer for the defense in the murder case of Nick Vacos. The reasoning is good, though the judge might have gone further and said that the people demand a public trial of the slayer of John Contos, and that demand, if possible, must be satisfied.

The killing of Contos, so far as the public can judge from what has been disclosed, was the heinous crime of a villainous fellow, no man branded with a crime so cold-blooded and pre-meditated should be allowed to escape, first, the pillory of public condemnation, and, second, the full measure of the law's prescribed retribution. To smother up all this villainy by a conference between two or more lawyers is an offense against society, which is aggravated by the establishing of a dangerous precedent.

Now it may be Vacos is not guilty of the crime charged against him; it may be he can clear himself of a deliberate offense and that he can prove he had been driven mad by a Sybilock. That would help to satisfy the demands of justice and would appease the wrath of this community, and, if that information is forthcoming, it would be a serious offense in itself to withhold the facts from the public.

So that from whatever side one considers the case, it is evident a wrong would have been perpetrated had Vacos escaped, as had been planned, with a formal pleading, a short statement of alleged facts by two lawyers and a comparatively short sentence in the penitentiary.

## NOT OCCULT POWERS.

To prove there are occult powers, the following reasoning is presented by the Inter-Mountain of Butte:

"It is said that telephone girls soon come to know the voices of all the busy people on their wires. It is for this reason that telephone girls are regarded by those who use the wires with deep awe."

"In journalism, those men who have similar opportunities often are familiar with voices issuing from lips they have never seen."

"Human faculties appear almost limitless. There are experts who, sitting across a room and watching a man's hand, can tell what he has written. Criminals, on several occasions, have been run down by this method."

"Faculty, along all lines, is only a matter of training. Seeds of all mental description will flourish, if given the opportunity. It may be that what we call instinct is merely transmitted concentration upon particular lines of thought. Study of babies indicates that they understand certain thought upon which they could have had no previous experience in this life."

"What we call genius, moreover, consists merely of these faculties developed to the highest degree, developed until they become supernatural and are called a sixth sense. The world knows well that its great soldiers have, in emergencies, acted in such fashion that explanation lies only in the conclusion that they possessed acumen far beyond conception. Sometimes, of such men, we say that they 'smelled' what to do."

"Not that these highly developed faculties are confined to the more spectacular affairs of life. Bridge-workers, when riveting, fling white-hot bits of metal long distances, catching them dexterously in pliers. The average man would either miss the throw or burn himself badly. Planners and typewriters learn to operate in the dark; a good pilot can steer in absolute murk, by his sense of distances traversed. And so on, throughout the field of human industry."

"Indian mythology contains an anecdote aptly illustrative of average incredulity regarding deep thought. It is said that an ancient king once rebuked his courtiers for scoffing at a mahatma. The wise man sat beside the road in which the court walked and some of the lighter minded had jeered him, questioning his preoccupation. They said they did not believe that any man in India could be ignorant that a king was passing, for all his closed eyes and bent head. They could not conceive a mental condition

in which the blaring trumpets announcing royalty and the heavy tread of the guard would not be detected.

"The king took up the mahatma's cause and agreed to convince his courtiers. He ordered that each of the scoffers take up a bowl so full of water that to jar it in the least would mean a spill. Then, placing a soldier with drawn sword behind each, he ordered them to walk a mile down the road and back, declaring that the soldier should strike the head from the first who spilled his charge. The courtiers, perforce, obeyed. All walked the mile and back in safety. They bore themselves triumphantly, but the king knocked their exultation from their faces by inquiring what they had seen in the course of their walk. They replied that they had seen nothing, because they feared to look up, lest they spill their water. 'Exactly so the mahatma,' replied the king; 'he fears to look up, lest he lose his soul!'"

"Mental concentration is a matter of habit—a habit which, once acquired, is not readily shaken off. We fill our funny publications with stories of absent-minded men of genius. Such jokes are stock humor—and stock humor is always based on fact, although it is only rarely that the humorists are aware of it, which is another proof of instinct along all lines."

In all the foregoing there is proof of nothing more than that training or practice in one direction brings a development which is a source of surprise to those unpracticed and untrained; or that minds may be so organized that there is aptitude in certain things. There is the mathematical mind, the musical soul and all those special "gifts" or attainments which are attributable to brain cells capable of performing the extraordinary. Mozart was a musical prodigy at three years of age. That part of his brain which controlled in music was abnormally strong at birth. J. Stuart Mill was a mathematical wonder at six years of age. Michael Angelo was a born artist. Perhaps Mozart would have utterly failed as a business man and Mill might have made an incompetent brakeman on a train.

There is nothing to demonstrate the presence of occult power in evidence of the extraordinary one-sided development, if by occult is meant that which is taught by the theosophy of India.

## RESULT OF THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

The attention given to visitors to our city during the Grand Army Encampment by the committees in whose care the visitors to our city were entrusted, and the fact that not one visitor was neglected and that comfortable rooms were provided for all, are bringing returns to Ogden.

Several of the visitors have already purchased property in and near Ogden city and a number are now in our city on their return from the coast, and are looking for homes in the city and fruit orchards nearby with a view to purchasing and making their homes here.

It is now certain that the money appropriated by our county and city and used in caring for the visitors and advertising the advantages of this country has brought large returns and will in the near future bring still larger.

(Signed)  
WM. L. RUSSELL.

## DEFENSE IN CHICAGO'S GREAT "GRAFT" CASE

Chicago, Sept. 15.—When the defense in the "graft" trial of Police Inspector Edward McCann began today an imposing array of witnesses were present, including Mrs. Charles Herrold, Mrs. Gertrude Britton of the Hull House Social Settlement, Dean Walter T. Sumner and Miss Minnie Lowe, superintendent of the social service. Mrs. Herrold is a former president of the General Federation of Women's clubs.

"We will show," said Judge Neely for the defense, "that the defendant, when he took charge of the Desplaines street district was ordered by his superiors to curtail the vice of the district."

"He put the lid down with a severity never known before and a howl went up. This conspiracy was formed to 'put away' the Inspector on election day that would make Ananias bluish. The Inspector stopped the sale of liquor in all disorderly houses and those who suffered thereby arose against him. Inmates of these houses were fined an aggregate of \$59,300, a record unequalled anywhere."

## MOTHER OF CAPTAIN GRIDLEY IS THOUGHT TO BE DYING

Hillsdale, Mich., Sept. 15.—Mrs. Anna Gridley, mother of Captain Charles Gridley who died of injuries suffered at the battle of Manila bay, is thought to be dying at her home. She was employed in the general land office at Washington until she was compelled to take to her bed. She is 84 years old.

## INNOCENT VICTIM OF A DETECTIVE'S SHOT

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 15.—Miss Rose Stewart, aged 25, a waitress at the Chalfont hotel, was the innocent victim last night of the warfare between the local police and the squad of detectives brought here from Newark by Prosecutor Goldenberg to aid him in wiping out dens of various types.

A bullet from a detective's revolver, fired over the heads of a wildly excited mob, which had chased the detec-

tives from the tenderloin district to their hotel on South Carolina avenue, penetrated the young woman's back as she sat on the second story porch of the Cedarcroft hotel.

It is feared that she will die.

## GRAND JURY TO TAKE HAND IN SUTTON CASE

Washington, Sept. 14.—Progress in the Sutton case has come to a halt pending the receipt by Mrs. Sutton's counsel, Henry F. Davis, of the formal report of Dr. T. Vaughan upon the autopsy he performed on Lieutenant's body yesterday. It is probable the surgeon's report will be made tomorrow morning. All the facts brought out at the recent inquiry with Dr. Vaughan's report of his autopsy added, it is said, will be laid before a Maryland grand jury next month.

## POSTOFFICE MONEY ORDER SYSTEM TO BE CHANGED

Washington, Sept. 15.—Already engaged in an overhauling of the registry system of the postal service, Postmaster General Hitchcock has gone a step further and set a number of experts at work to eradicate some of the kinks of the money order system with a view of obtaining greater efficiency and less expenditure.

This committee of experts is to report not later than December 1. It consists of Arthur M. Travers, chief clerk in the office of Third Assistant Postmaster General Frank E. Little; Edwin Sands, assistant superintendent of the divisions of foreign mails; Henry D. Temple, assistant superintendent of the division of registered mail, and Robert S. Wood, chief of the division of correspondence.

The advisability of dispensing with mail advices to postmasters after a money order has been issued will be one of the economies considered. It is estimated this would save half a million dollars a year. The wisdom of revising the postal note abolished by congress in 1894, will also receive attention.

## DEATH OF MRS. NEWMAN, THE WIDOW OF BISHOP NEWMAN

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 15.—A cablegram received here today from Consul Wallace at Jerusalem, announces the death in that city of Mrs. Angelina E. Newman, widow of the late Bishop John P. Newman.

After her husband's death ten years ago, Mrs. Newman became deeply interested in foreign missionary work, and two years ago went to Jerusalem, organizing a school for kindergarten missionary work there. Although eighty years of age, she had been actively engaged in this effort until recently.

## WILBUR WRIGHT WILL RETURN HOME ON FRIDAY NEXT.

New York, Sept. 15.—Wilbur Wright, the aviator, will arrive in New York on Friday and will at once go to Governor's Island, where preparations are being made for the flights which he plans to make during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. He will probably make several preliminary flights early in the week. Glenn H. Curtiss, who is to share with him the 90-acre practice field on Governor's Island, will reach New York about Sept. 28 from Europe.

## FOUR CADETS AT ANNAPOLIS DROPPED FROM ROLLS

Washington, Sept. 15.—Four cadets at the Annapolis naval academy have been dropped from the rolls by direction of President Taft because of "inaptitude," which was said to have been demonstrated on the practice cruise of the cruises this summer. They are M. Dunning, Jr., first-class, New York City; L. E. Fagan, second-class, Philadelphia; L. K. Taylor, second-class, Wheeling, W. Va., and C. M. Platt second-class, Larimore, N. D.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

St. Louis, Sept. 15.—A man who says he is Joseph B. Conkling, first lieutenant in the signal corps of the United States army, stationed at Brooklyn, is in a critical condition in the city hospital from an overdose of digitalis taken with suicidal intent. He said he had been in poor health.

## DEATH OF COL. HEUSTIS.

Olympia, Wash., Sept. 15.—Colonel Fred D. Heustis, member of the state capital land commission, and former collector of customs for Puget Sound, and prominent in the state for twenty years, died here last night aged 68 years. He was born at Barton, Vermont.

## OVERWHELMED BY TIDAL WAVE.

Mexico City, Sept. 14.—The port of Mulege on the east coast of lower California was overwhelmed by a tidal wave September 4. There were several fatalities and considerable property was destroyed. The tidal wave flooded the inland district for a distance of about two miles.

## WANT CENSORSHIP REMOVED.

Madrid, Sept. 14.—The liberal newspapers of Madrid have published a protest against the continuance of government censorship and the restriction to strike unless this restriction is removed. The editors have decided to appeal to King Alfonso.

## SEC. WILSON PLEASED WITH WESTERN CROPS.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, arrived here today, after a five weeks' survey of western crops, which he declared were "bully."

"Will you remain to meet the president tomorrow?" was asked.

"Couldn't get a room, so I reserved a berth and will continue to Washington."

A bullet from a detective's revolver, fired over the heads of a wildly excited mob, which had chased the detec-

## Carpet Sale Now On

If you have not been to this sale it will be your loss, as our Rugs and Carpets are going fast, and they will not last long at the prices we are offering them. Notice the prices sewed, layed and lined:—

Saxony Axminster Carpet, \$1.75 grade for, a yd. \$ 1.20  
Velvet Carpets, \$1.60 grade for, a yd. \$ 1.15  
All Wool Carpet, \$1.00 grade for, a yd. \$ .70  
Axminster Rugs, 9x12, \$35.00 grade for, \$25.00  
Tapestry Rugs, 9x12, \$20.00 grade for, \$15.00

Come in and be convinced. We carry the stock. Your credit is good.

## Ogden Furniture &amp; Carpet Co.

## SALT LAKE AND STATE NEWS

## DEMOCRATS OF SALT LAKE NAME FULL CITY TICKET

For mayor—W. R. Wallace.  
For recorder—A. N. McKay.  
For treasurer—Bryan Groo.  
For city attorney—C. C. Dey.  
For auditor—W. J. Bateman.

Salt Lake, Sept. 15.—In a mass convention held in Federation of Labor hall on Tuesday evening, the Democrats of Salt Lake named the above city ticket. The meeting was well attended, a number of representative Democrats being present. While the meeting was called for 8 o'clock, it was 8:45 o'clock before Chairman Ben T. Lloyd of the city committee called the meeting to order. His remarks were brief and he stated in a few words the object of the meeting.

Then, upon the motion of James H. Moyle, the chair appointed a committee of five, one from each ward, to name a ticket and present it to the convention for ratification. This committee consisted of Joseph Hyde from the First, C. A. Carlquist, Second, D. P. Felt, Third, John Dem, Fourth, and J. H. Moyle from the Fifth. Then a recess was taken to give the committee opportunity to work and also to enable the wards to nominate candidates for council and name members of the city committee. All the wards but the Third made their selections without trouble, but in this ward there was a hot fight, details of which appear in another column. The other wards named councilmanic candidates as follows:

**Nominees for Councilmen.**  
First Ward—Joseph S. Hyde, short term; Stephen Hayes, long term.  
Second Ward—George E. Burbridge, long term; Henry Wallace, Sr., short term.  
Fourth Ward—Orlando W. Powers, long term; Joseph Kimball, short term.  
Fifth Ward—Noble Warrum, long term; S. M. Taylor, short term.

## SUIT FOR DIVORCE BY MRS. MILLER

Cruelty and Infidelity Are the Grounds Upon Which Action Is Based.

Salt Lake, Sept. 15.—Charging cruelty and infidelity, and naming Mrs. Meta Edwards, formerly Miss Meta Peterson, as co-respondent, Mrs. Maggie H. Miller brought suit for divorce against Charles H. Miller, secretary and manager of the Royal Laundry, in the Third District court Tuesday afternoon.

## MARS AS SEEN BY LICK ASTRONOMER

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 14.—Director W. W. Campbell of Lick observatory, who announced several days ago the result of his discoveries regarding the atmosphere on the planet Mars and who has just returned from Mount Whitney, the highest point of land in the United States, where his observations were made, has completed a synopsis of the data secured by the expedition. The trip was financed by William S. Crocker, regent of the University of California.

Director Campbell in his report says: "It had for its purpose a study of the question of water vapor in the atmosphere of the planet Mars. Water vapor in the atmosphere of any planet causes dark bands to be formed at certain definite positions in the spectrum of that planet, conspicuous bands if the water vapor is abundant, inconspicuous bands if the quantity is slight, as this, the only known method, is not a sensitive one."

In Clear Atmosphere.

"By ascending Mount Whitney, al-

## THE D. W. ELLIS ABSTRACT CO.

## Abstracts OF TITLE

Bonded and licensed abstractors of title to any piece or parcel of land in Weber county. UNDER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

## THE ELEPHANT BAR



Elegantly equipped, service second to none, with a stock that is equal to the best.

J. F. Smith & Co. Props.  
308 Twenty-fifth St., Ogden, Utah.

## PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES

Consult County Clerk, or the Respective Signers for Further Information.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Mary Horrocks Leavitt, deceased.

Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at the residence of George J. Marsh, attorney for executors, 546 Twenty-eighth street, Ogden, Utah, on or before January 20th, 1910.

JAMES LEAVITT and CHAUNCEY L. LEAVITT, Executors.

contained in the rarified and remarkably dry air strata above Mount Whitney.

"These observations do not prove that life does not or can not exist on Mars. The question of life under these conditions is the biologist's problem rather than the astronomer's."

## BENNETT DID NOT HAVE AN AFFINITY

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14.—"I never kissed Mrs. Molster in my life. Mrs. Molster is not my affinity. I never told anybody that she was and I never used the word affinity in connection with her or with any other woman."

These were the forceful declarations of Harper E. Bennett, the real estate man who is being tried for the murder of his wife, when he took the stand in his own defense in the superior court today.

Bennett's defense of Mrs. Molster was even more vehement than that of himself. He denied that he had ever held Mrs. Molster on his lap or done any of the acts of a compromising nature described by witnesses for the state.

Mrs. Molster, for love of whom, the prosecution contends, Bennett poisoned his wife, was an interested spectator in the courtroom today. The crowd drawn to hear the testimony of the defendant filled the room.

Bennett directly contradicted the testimony of Mrs. Carpenter, the principal witness for the state, in all important particulars. He denied categorically several conversations which Mrs. Carpenter testified she had had with him.

Plaster portraits are the fashionable form of "counterfeit presentment" in London. They are done in the form of miniature busts or bas reliefs at the low price of \$2.50 apiece.

# THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 16TH

## Grand Masquerade Ball at Sylvan Park

### CLOSING BALL OF THE SEASON